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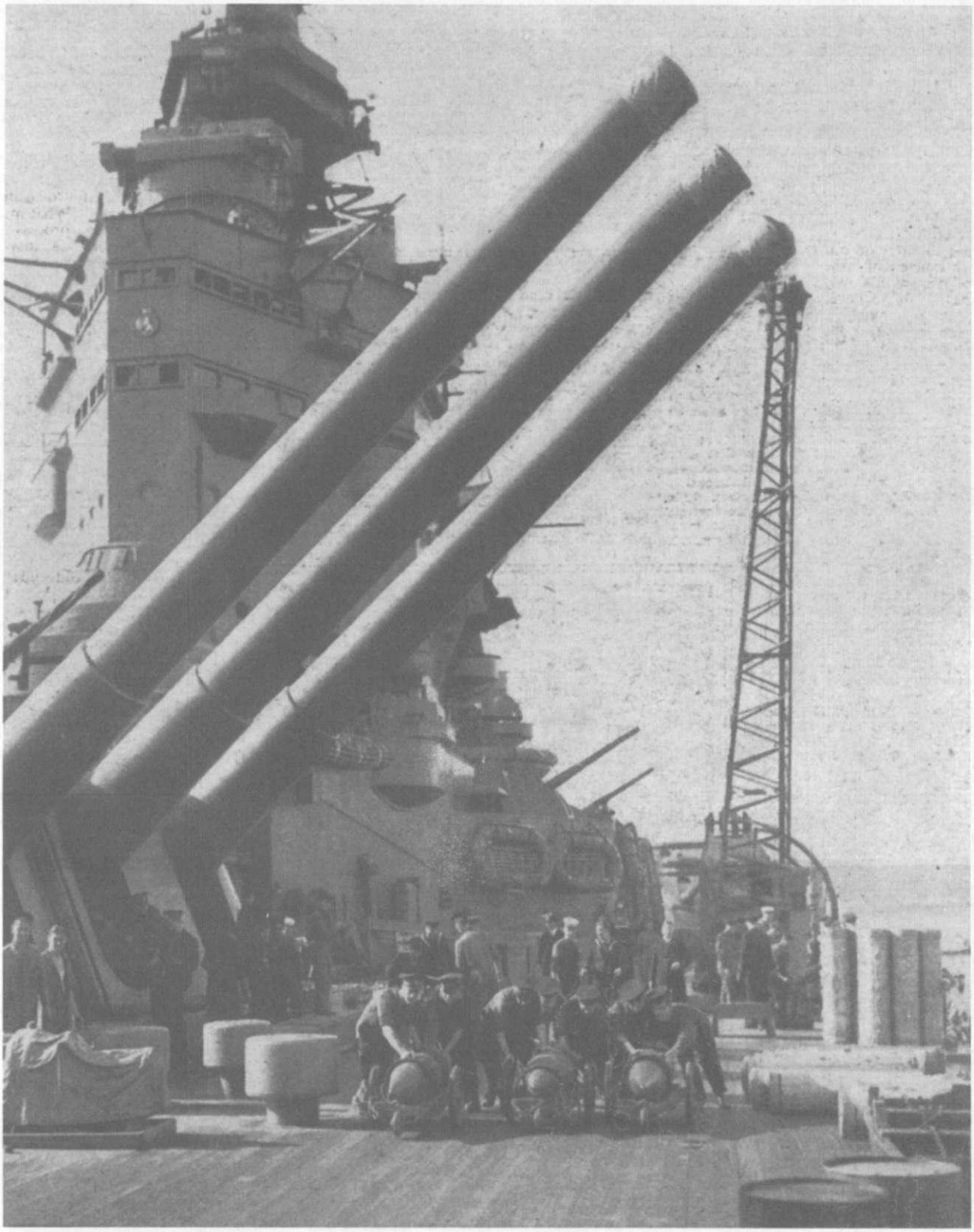
Edited by Sir John Hammerton

FOURPENCE WEEKLY



ON BOARD H.M.S. NELSON, members of the South African division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve with the Fleet are ammunitioning ship with 16-in. shells. South Africa has included a division of the R.N.V.R. among the defence forces of the Union for many years, and some of its officers and men served with the Grand Fleet during the 1914-18 war. In peacetime members of the S.A.R.N.V.R. serve under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief at Simonstown.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright.

The Way of the War

MOSCOW CALLING! MESSAGE FOR FRAU KREMER!

Russia Strikes the Human Note in Propaganda

"Moscow calling! Moscow calling! We have a message for Frau Erna Kremer of Ebenstadt. She will be terribly interested. Frau Erna Kremer! Erna Kremer . . ."

From beyond where millions grapple in the racket and rumble of war, across eleven hundred miles of Europe sunk in the night of Hitlerdom, the voice comes to the blacked-out Rhineland, to the humble home where Frau Kremer sits waiting (with an eye and an ear for the Gestapo spy prowling without). We know nothing of her save that she is a soldier's wife and the mother of a soldier's children. Perhaps she has just finished putting the children to bed; perhaps her hands are still wet from washing up. Perhaps—but the voice from Moscow persistently splits the silence.

"It is with the deepest regret we have to inform you," says the voice, "that your husband, Lance-Corporal Ludwig Kremer, of the 116th Infantry Regiment, has just died. He fell, shot through the lung, on the River Beresina. For 18 hours he was in our hospital, and he died holding photographs of you and your two children in his hands. From papers he left behind we know that your husband was a good soldier. He fought in Poland, in Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. He was decorated with the Iron Cross, first and second class. In a few days you will receive a letter from the German military authorities, notifying you that your husband died fighting for his country's honour.

"But, we ask you, Frau Kremer, why was your husband on the Beresina, and what use are the crosses to your children? Is it right to go into other people's homes, to kill their women and children? Ludwig Kremer didn't want to do that. In your last letter to him you said that you hoped he would soon be home again with you and your children, and that peace would soon come.

"You all want peace. We all want peace. But Hitler doesn't. He wants war. He knows nothing of the sufferings of a wife who has lost her husband, the sufferings of a child who has lost its father, or the sufferings of the father himself. He is wifeless and childless. Now we are giving you this sad news so that you should tell others that enough blood has been spilt. Tell all your relatives, your friends and neighbours, that you are defending a bad cause. Do all you can . . ."

This broadcast, so moving in its simplicity so direct in its appeal, struck a new note in war-time propaganda. It showed that in Moscow psychology has been married to publicity. But if Moscow can move to pity it can as easily strike the note of relentless hate. Soon the air shivered with the waves of vituperation, crackled with the atmospherics of invective, rumbled with the thunder of passion and fiery denunciation. Words that burn and flay, that sting and pierce even the thick hide of a Nazi thug, words calculated to make the medals rattle on Goering's breast and reduce Goebbels to gibbering impotence. ("If that is true," remarked Lozovsky after reading out one of the Nazi bulletins, "then Dr. Goebbels is an Apollo.")

But the most biting phrases, the most bitter taunts, are reserved for the all-highest Fuehrer himself. "Who is Hitler?" demanded Moscow of Germany a few nights ago "We will tell you. He is the greatest coward who ever wore an Iron Cross he never earned. He is a bloody vampire who has already cost you countless lives. Wake up! Rid yourselves of this Nazi reptile—this liar who was once a beggar and now owns millions. Destroy him before he destroys the German people!"

With calculated care the Moscow propagandists make their appeal, to this class and to that. One night they coolly borrowed the Nazi slogan, and flung it at the heads of German youth. "The Soviets are your friends," cried the announcer. "Trust the Red Army and mighty Britain. We will liberate you, but you must help. Destroy war material! Slow down the war machine! Refuse to be used as cannon fodder! *Deutschland, erwache!*" (Germany, awake!).

Russian workers are brought to the microphone to speak to their German comrades. "We know you want to help; we'll tell you what you can do. You're a transport worker? Then just slow things up a bit; just don't put everything into it—and the war will be over more quickly. You've done it before; you can do it again. You're a woman making munitions? Just handle your machine a little more slowly—and your husband will be back sooner. Always remember: Every dud shell is a direct hit for peace."

German soldiers have received a grim warning that "you and your families are doomed to death on the land, on the sea, and in the air. It is not too late, even now, to turn your bayonets against Hitler . . ."

German peasants and farmers have heard the voice of "the free and happy German collective farmers" in the autonomous Soviet republic on the banks of the Volga. The women of Russia have been brought to the microphone to speak to the women of Germany and of the world. "Mothers, sisters, wives—Hitler has made the German woman a slave, a servant. Let us show him our worth! We call on all the women, even the women of Germany, Italy, Finland, Hungary, and Slovakia, to tell their men that Hitler is the greatest enemy of humanity. Women of the world, save your children!"

In all the broadcasts—strange when we think that Russia is a totalitarian state; strange, yet immensely encouraging in its strangeness—the personal note is struck time and again. The appeal is made to the common people, to the men and women who work and weep, to the ordinary folk who strive and suffer. The Russians realize that the soldier is not just a number in a rank; the worker is not a mere robot, a figure on a card; the housewife is something more than a unit in a statistical enquiry—that, in a word, the masses are made up of individuals.

And because they are individuals, they are not to be lumped together in one swastika-branded mass, easy to think about and as easy to condemn. Each has a body that feels the kicks, each has a soul that can answer to the call of a common humanity. Lozovsky and his men don't make the mistake so generally associated with the name of Vansittart. Just as in the Anglo-Russian Pact the enemy is "Hitlerite Germany," so in the Moscow broadcasts the "true Germans" are separated from Hitler and his gang. "German people—people of the nation of Goethe and Schiller, Wagner and Beethoven—our quarrel is not with you, but with the Nazis who enslaved you before they turned to enslave others. We and they are your brothers. Why should you want to kill your brothers? Come, let us join and kill the bloody Fascists. Then we can all live in peace together." *Royston Pike*

THE VOICE OF MOSCOW! Here is A. Lozovsky, Russia's Vice-Commissar for Foreign Affairs, who is responsible for the propaganda—so original, so dramatic, so highly effective—put out by the Soviet radio stations, and has himself given some of the most biting and pungent of the broadcasts. Born in 1878, Lozovsky was a master of the art of propaganda when Goebbels was still a schoolboy. *Photo, Planet News*

First Soviet War Photographs from the Front

CAPTURED NAZIS, taken prisoner during the battles on the Eastern front, are being marched to the rear. This photograph was radioed from Moscow to New York and came by Clipper plane to London.

AIR RAID VICTIMS have been numerous among the civilian population of the Ukraine as a result of Nazi bombing. Here are some of three thousand casualties laid out for identification by the grief-stricken relatives.

CRASHED NAZI PLANE, one of the hundreds destroyed by the Russians. The special interest of this photograph lies in the fact that it was the first ever to be transmitted direct from Moscow to New York by radio as an experimental transmission from Soviet Government sending apparatus, overcoming serious technical difficulties.

RED ARMY TROOPS are seen above awaiting the Nazi advance. By a happy coincidence the Soviet Star contains no fewer than five V for Victory symbols. Right, Soviet A.A. guns which shot down three Nazi planes during one raid.

Photos, Keystone, Associated Press

Russia's Canals in Their Background of Strategy

As the Russian armies make their fighting retreat into the interior of the vast Soviet land, the importance of the canal system, both as a channel of communication and supply and as "interior lines" for the Red Navy must become ever more marked. In this article we give an account of the principal canal systems, to be read in close conjunction with the map opposite.

QUITE early in the Russo-German war it seemed possible, perhaps probable, that the Red Fleet would be bottled up in the Gulf of Finland, and must sooner or later become a prey to the Nazis advancing along the Baltic coast. But the gloomy prophets and the Nazi boasters forgot that, thanks to the vision of the Russian planners and the skill and energy of their engineers and workers, the Baltic is no longer a bottleneck but a highway.

Since 1933 a continuous ribbon of water has linked the Baltic to the White Sea and the Arctic beyond. This link is the Baltic-White Sea Canal, and its strategic value has already been demonstrated in this war, since along it a number of the submarines of the Soviet Baltic Fleet have been evacuated into the open waters of the north. In an attempt to prevent the evacuation, the Germans concentrated in Finland large forces of dive bombers which could ill be spared from the Central Russian front, and delivered a series of heavy day-and-night attacks on the waterway; but the submarines got through, and the damage to the Canal was made good.

Strategic reasons were mainly responsible for the construction of the **Baltic-White Sea Canal**, whose length, including the canalized portions of the Rivers Neva and Svir and the Stalin Canal, is 560 miles. The **Stalin Canal** is its most northern portion, cutting through Karelia from Lake Onega to the White Sea; 140 miles in length, it is the longest canal in the world. Built on the initiative of Stalin, it was one of the largest constructions of the first Five-Year Plan. Begun in 1930, it was completed in June 1933, and opened for navigation a year later. For its building, we are told, 21 million cubic metres of soil were excavated, and 390,000 cubic metres of concrete work were carried out in the remarkably short period of 20 months. Two and a half million cubic metres of rock had to be blown out by dynamite, while in the construction of the spillways and dams and wooden-walled locks some 2,800,000 logs from the forests of Karelia were used. In its length there are 19 locks—each 379 ft. long, 50 ft. wide, and 15 ft. deep; 15 weirs, 12 flood-gates, 49 dams, and 33 artificial canals. The depth of water in the Canal is about 12 ft.

Since the Baltic-White Sea Canal's opening, it is no longer necessary to sail the whole length of the Baltic and round the coast of Norway, past the North Cape, to reach Archangel and Murmansk. Instead of a stormy 17-day journey, quite large ships now make the voyage from Leningrad to Murmansk—Russia's ice-free port in the north, whence ships sail all the year round to and from the Atlantic—in six days, sailing through the sombre forests and over the peaceful fenlands of Karelia.

Linking Leningrad to Rybinsk on the River Volga is the **Marinski System.** It is suitable only for barges up to 800 tons, and since there are 43 locks the transit from Rybinsk to Leningrad is slow. Plans for its modernization include increasing the depth and reducing the number of locks to six.

Moscow's Links with the Sea

The Baltic-White Sea Canal and the Marinski System are only part of a vast unified system of waterways which the Soviet rulers have planned; a system which, when completed, will link Moscow—as "inland" a capital as any in the world—with five seas, the Baltic and the White Sea in the north, the Caspian, Sea of Azov and Black Sea in the south. Throughout, the depth of the system is to be such as to allow light cruisers to be transferred from one area to another on "interior lines." The military value of the scheme is too obvious to be stressed.

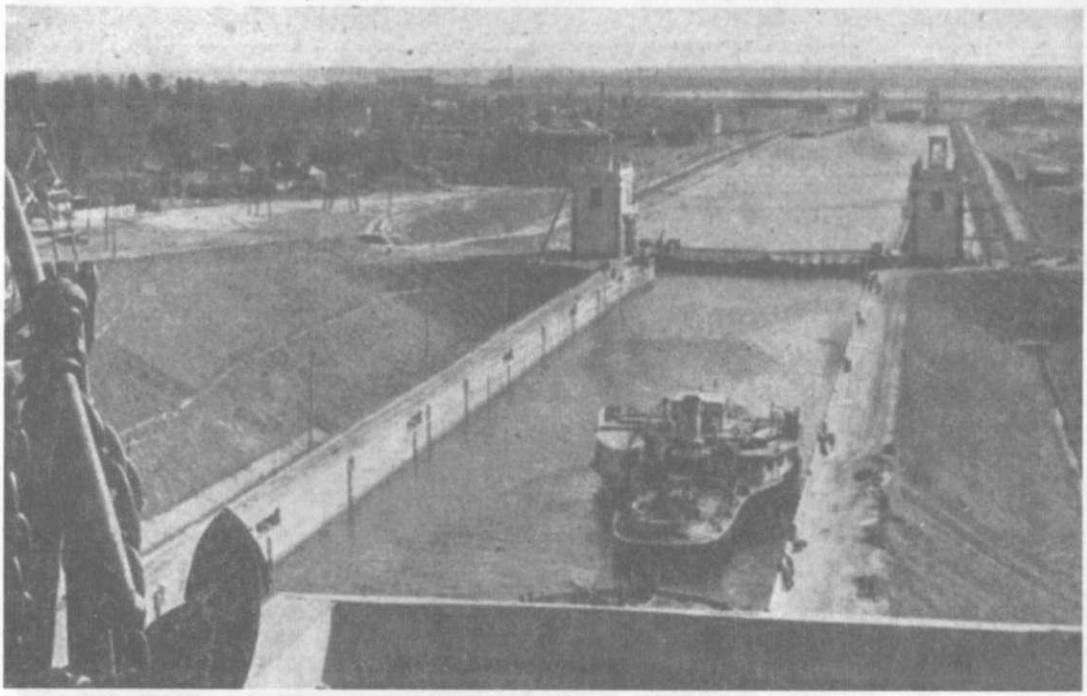
Second only in importance to the Baltic-White Sea Canal is the **Moscow-Volga Canal.** This is 80 miles in length, and was completed in 1937 as part of the second Five Year Plan. It provides the Russian capital with a splendid supply of pure water—the Stalin Waterworks are the greatest in Europe; but even more important, it gives Moscow direct access by water to the great industrial centres and regions of the south. It is designed to take vessels drawing 15 to 18 feet, but at present it is not being used by vessels of this draught, owing to the incomplete state of the reconstruction of the general canal system.

Immediately below Stalingrad is the **Volga-Don Canal,** which when completed will link up the Black Sea with the main canal system. Work on the canal was commenced early in 1939, but it is not likely that it will be completed for some time. The system from the Sea of Azov via the River Don is designed for a minimum depth of 21 feet. Its completion will probably solve the problem set by the falling level of the Caspian Sea, since it will be possible to harness the waters of the Don to the Lower Volga, and so make up for the loss due to evaporation. When the Volga-Don Canal is in full working order, ships will be able to pass right across Russia from the Black Sea to the Atlantic.

Because of the Caspian's falling level and the navigational difficulties arising therefrom in the increasingly shallow waters, work on the **Manych System,** which was planned to connect the headwaters of the rivers Manych and Kuma, and so link the Black Sea with the Caspian, has now been abandoned, although considerable lengths have been completed.

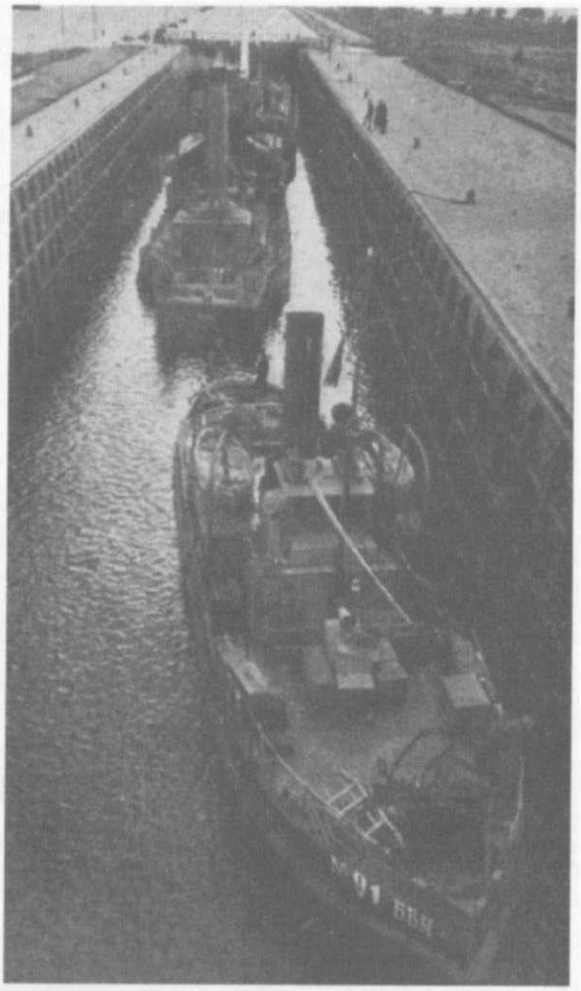
Still our survey of Russia's canal system is not complete. Mention should be made of the **Tikhvinski** and **Vishnivolotski** systems, which connect the Volga with the Baltic, the **Hertzog Wurtembergski Canal,** which joins the Northern Dvina and the Volga, so linking Europe's greatest river with the White Sea, and the **Sergeitch Canal** in the Minsk region which joins the rivers Dnieper and the Western Dvina, via the Berezina; in this way the Black Sea is connected with the Baltic at Riga. Then there is the **Dnepropetrovsk Canal,** which runs past the rapids on the River Dnieper, and was constructed as part of the great Dnieproges power-station scheme. It was opened for steamer traffic in the first half of 1932.

To sum up. Already ships up to the size of large destroyers can pass between the Baltic and the White Sea. Ships up to the size of light cruisers will be able to pass between the Baltic and the White Sea when work now in hand is completed—it is believed in the near future. Ships of the same size will be able to pass between the Baltic and Black Sea when the Volga-Don Canal is completed. This is unlikely to be within the next three or four years.



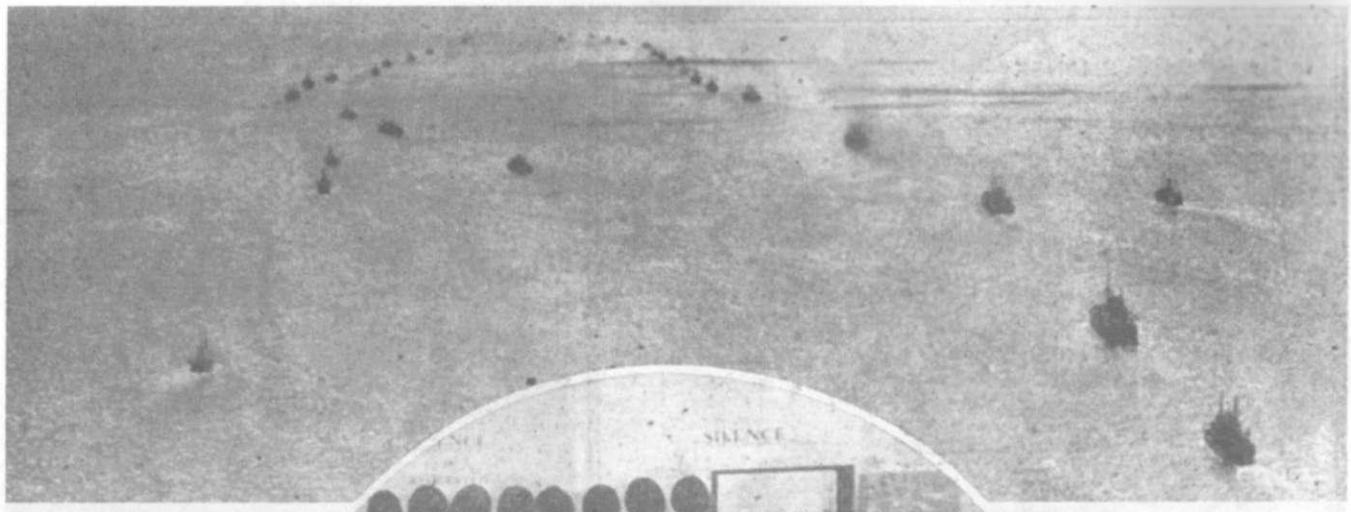
THE MOSCOW-VOLGA CANAL, here seen from the top of Lock No. 7, was built during the second Five Year Plan and opened to traffic on July 15, 1937. The canal is remarkable not only from the point of view of technical achievement but also on account of its architecture. Locks, dams, landing-stages, stations and buildings on the canal are faced with marble, granite, labradorite and diorite, are decorated with statuary and fountains, and surrounded by many beautiful parks and gardens. The position of the canal is shown on the map in the opposite page. *Photo, Planet News*

Ribbons of Water that Make Moscow a Port



THE STALIN CANAL is one of the most important of Russia's new inland waterways shown on the map in this page. This canal, which was opened on August 2, 1933, is in 32 sections and is over 140 miles long. Before the canal was built, ships going from Archangel to Leningrad had to round the Scandinavian peninsula and make a journey of nearly 3,000 miles. Now the journey is reduced to about 700 miles. The five-pointed star, seen in the bottom photograph, is a memorial to the construction of the canal. It stands by the last lock at Soroka, on the edge of the White Sea. Top right, Russian freight steamers have just entered one of the locks on the Stalin Canal. *Photos, Planet News*

They Keep the Heart of Britain Beating True



A convoy shepherded by destroyers and Lockheed Hudsons (not seen in the photograph) approaching a British port. Here are the ships and men that are keeping Britain alive.

Think of them always, these ships of all classes from the liner to the creaking tramp, and of their anonymous skippers, true sons of Britain, ready to die at any moment that the old country shall live.

Help them in their devoted work by economizing to the utmost limit in food, in petrol, and upon all those things which you personally need.

Circle, captains of merchant ships who will form the next convoy in conference somewhere underground in secret warrens built of steel and concrete. They are receiving instructions concerning the route to be taken and learn how the naval escort will protect them. In these subterranean labyrinths officers and men of the Royal Navy, Royal Naval Reserve and Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve work in close cooperation with the R.A.F. and the Merchant Navy. The small photograph on the left shows bluejackets in the wireless-room in these underground headquarters of the Battle of the Atlantic.

Beneath, Mr. A. V. Alexander, First Lord of the Admiralty, receives information from a convoy commodore on the latter's return to port after a voyage across the Atlantic.

Photos, British Official, Topical, and Associated Press

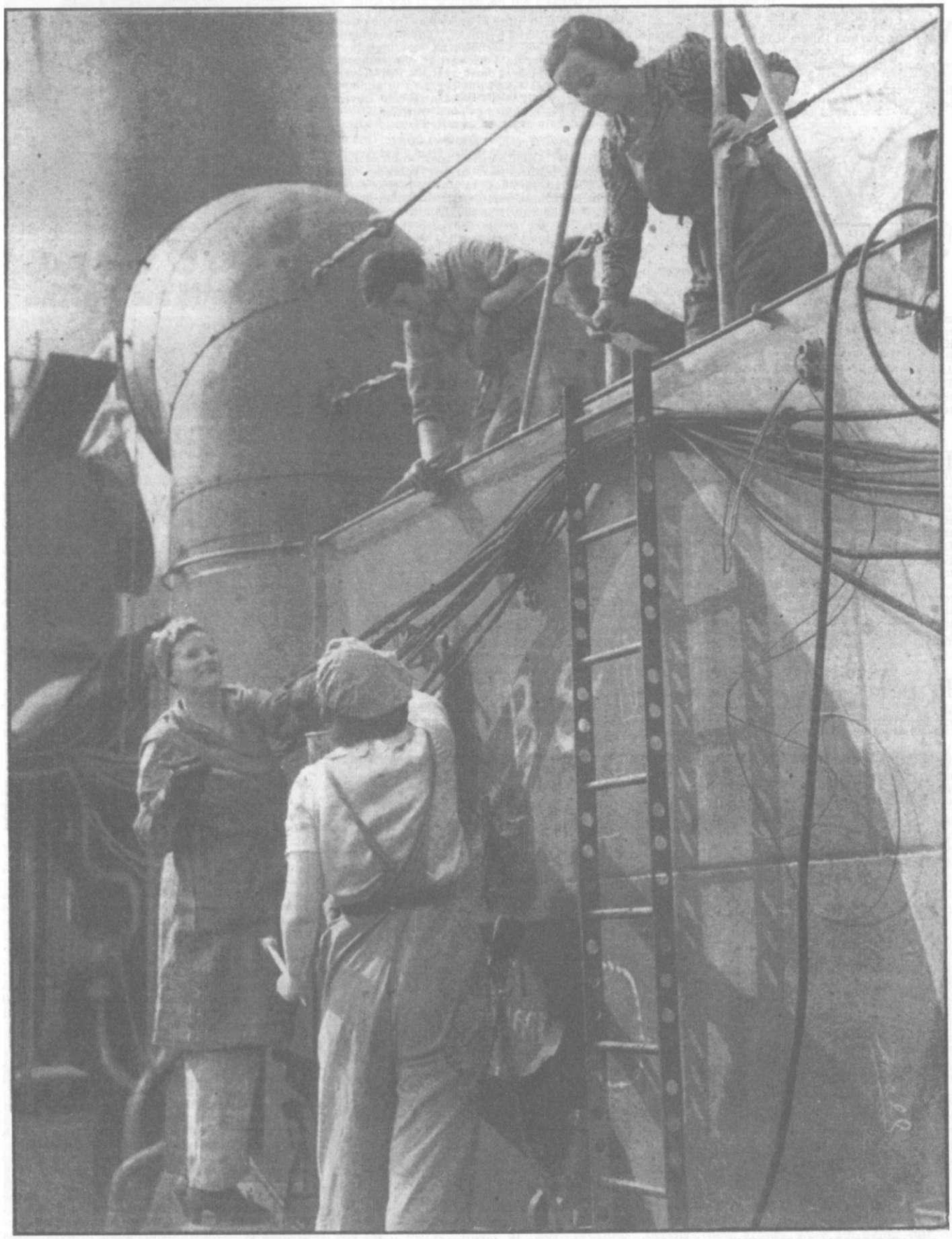
BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

Merchant Shipping Losses: Last Monthly Report

	June 1941	*Jan.-June* 1941	*Monthly Average Jan.-June*	*Totals Sep. 1939-June* 1941
British				
Ships	52	397		1,078
Tons	228,284	1,783,692	297,300	4,605,132
Allied				
Ships	19	162		334
Tons	82,727	710,941	118,500	1,498,047
Neutral				
Ships	8	31		326
Tons	18,285	98,161	16,400	1,014,834
TOTALS: tons gross	329,296	2,592,794	432,200	7,118,013

Note.—Total enemy tonnage, captured, sunk or scuttled, from beginning of the war was 3,391,000 tons gross. The monthly average of British, Allied and neutral losses from Sept. 1939 to June 1941 was 324,000 tons, about equal to actual losses in June 1941. The Admiralty announced that the June figures would be the last of the records of losses to be published in that form. Figures in table corrected to June, 1941.

Women Wield the Paintbrush on Board Ship



IN THE ROYAL DOCKYARDS women have taken on many jobs and enabled men to be released for more vital work. These seen here are busily engaged on their wartime task of painting ships, a job which they perform deftly and neatly. Their husbands are serving in the Forces and are doubtless proud, and rightly so, of the part which their womenfolk are playing in the national effort, *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Our Searchlight on the War

FANTASTIC WAR CARGOES

WAR materials have been exchanged between Britain and Russia. They were contained within the space of two aeroplanes and constituted the most precious cargo ever sent by this means. The plane bound for Russia carried diamonds to be used for industrial purposes in Soviet war factories ; the one that flew to England brought platinum for use in manufacturing British bombs and shells. All arrangements were made with the utmost secrecy and dispatch, and both aircraft reached their respective destinations at the scheduled time.

R.O.F. BADGE

BY his sanction of a new war badge (shown in the drawing on the left) to be worn by men and women engaged in the Royal Ordnance filling factories, King George acknowledges the debt owed by Britain to workers engaged in one of the most dangerous occupations of these dangerous times. The badge consists of a crossed bomb and shell in silver colour, with the letters R.O.F. and the inscription " Front Line Duty."

'LATE ARRIVALS' CLUB

IN the Western Desert there exists a highly exclusive club which has been called the " Late Arrivals." Those eligible for membership are airmen who have been shot down in action, and have, by exercising initiative and courage, succeeded in eluding the enemy and returning to their own lines. They include a D.S.O. and many D.F.C's. At least three South Africans and two Free French fliers belong to the Club. Some members are doubly eligible, as they have escaped more than once. The " Late Arrivals " are entitled to wear a special badge in blue and white enamel ; this depicts a winged flying boot, an indication that most members have come on foot from behind the enemy lines.

RUSSO-CZECH ALLIANCE

DIPLOMATIC relations between the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics and the Czechoslovak Republic were restored on July 18 by the signing of an agreement in London. By its terms the two Governments " mutually undertake to aid and support each other in every way in the present war against Hitlerite Germany," and the formation is authorized of Czechoslovak contingents on Russian territory to take part in the campaign. The Agreement is welcomed by the British Government, which has taken this occasion to announce their full recognition of President Benes' Government, hitherto regarded as only Provisional.

FACE ON THE POSTER

SERGEANT OBSERVER Ernest John Holland, whose features and urgent pointing finger have become familiar to the poster-conscious citizens of Britain, was reported missing, believed killed, very soon after sitting for the photograph from which the poster was reproduced. The Ministry of Information, at whose Bloomsbury studios this and similar appeals were designed, asked the Air Ministry to send along three young airmen to act as models. Tests showed Sergeant Holland to be the most " photogenic," and the result was one of the best efforts in pictorial propaganda issued by this department. In civil life Sergeant Holland, who was only 22, was a stonemason in Birmingham.

HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

HITLER'S policy of hounding out all Jews from Nazi territories is having a disconcerting effect on his war plans. Many of these refugees from racial persecution are brilliant scientists, and Germany is feeling the lack of their inventive knowledge, so much so that attempts have been made to get them back. Britain is making good use of her scientists to devise counter-measures against enemy attacks from air and sea, and is able, moreover, to call upon the services of many friendly aliens—doctors, technicians and the like —whose one aim is to banish from the world the deadly menace of Hitlerism.

PRESENT FROM TEXAS

ABOUT 1,340,000 barrels of oil, one day's production of all the Texas oil wells, may reach Britain as the gift of the producers if the plan first suggested by Mr. John Camp, of Dallas, Texas, is put into action. He proposed that the title to one day's output should be given to President Roosevelt, who is empowered, under the Lease and Lend Act, to send it to England. Mr. Roosevelt, replying to the offer, said : " This gift demonstrates that democracy in action is no meaningless phrase ; it symbolizes the spirit of patriotism."

A RUSSO-CZECH AGREEMENT was signed in London on July 18, 1941, restoring diplomatic relations between the Soviet Union and the Czechoslovak Republic and authorizing the formation of Czechoslovak contingents on Russian soil. Above, M. Maisky, Russian Ambassador, signs the pact, watched by M. Masaryk, Czechoslovak Foreign Minister (seated). *Photo, P.N.A.*

SGT.-OBSERVER E. HOLLAND, of Birmingham, since reported " missing, believed killed," was the original of this striking poster.

SECRET FLAG FROM POLAND

BATTLE colours have reached the airmen of Poland who, one year after the formation of the first R.A.F. Polish squadron, now number many thousands. The flag, which was handed over to the senior squadron at a Polish bomber station by General Sikorski on July 17, has a romantic origin. At the suggestion of a young flight lieutenant who escaped to France, more than 150 women of his home town set about the clandestine task of making and embroidering this white and scarlet emblem of Poland's belief in victory. In the spring of 1940 the flag was finished and the still more dangerous task of smuggling it to Britain was undertaken by a Polish girl. After a hazardous journey across Germany she managed to enter Belgium, but was cut off by the invasion and forced to return to Poland. A second attempt was made, this time through Scandinavia, and one morning last March a code message in the B.B.C. Polish broadcast told the heroic girl and her dauntless companions that the flag had arrived.

BURGOMASTER DEFIES THE NAZIS

LIKE M. Max, his famous predecessor, the present Burgomaster of Brussels, M. van de Meulebroeck, has refused to become a tool in the hands of the enemy in occupation, and, like M. Max, is being punished for his courage and loyalty. In June the Nazis, incensed by his undaunted resolution, dismissed him, pretending that he had voluntarily retired. The Burgomaster protested against this violation of the Hague Convention in a proclamation which was posted up on the city walls. The posters were torn down by the enraged Nazis, only to be immediately and secretly replaced. Thereupon M. van de Meulebroeck was arrested, and a fine of 5,000,000 francs imposed on the population. Posters announcing this were left untouched, but beneath a number of them citizens of Brussels threw small coins as a sign of the contempt they felt for the German penalty.

CENTENARIANS V. HITLER

IN Russia neither age nor sex is a bar to waging war against Hitler. Not only is there reported to be a women's battalion, but Russian girls have been found fighting side by side with men. And even if you are a centenarian you can still, apparently, contribute to the war effort in a practical manner. Moscow radio recently broadcast the following story : The day after the announcement of the Nazi attack on the Soviet, 110-year-old Abbas and his friend Teymour, who is 100 years of age, turned up for work in the fields in Azerbaijan. They are still quite hearty and scarcely yielded to the young in the amount of work performed. Before going to work Abbas is reported to have remarked to his lifelong friend Teymour : " While the enemy lives we must not die." May their wish be granted !

Russia's Magnificent Stand Against the Invader

While the world's greatest battle was in progress on the Eastern Front, there was little news of the fighting beyond what was given in the (invariably contradictory) communiqués issued by one side and the other. This article gives a valuation of the position so far as it could be judged after five weeks of war.

How long can the Nazis keep it up? This was the question on everybody's lips when, after five weeks of most furious fighting, the invaders had still inflicted no decisive defeat on the Red Army on any one of the three main battlefields; when neither Leningrad nor Moscow, neither Kiev nor Odessa, had fallen to the German arms. How long (it was asked) can the tremendous drain on the Nazis' war material be maintained? Are their supplies of petrol inexhaustible—and of men? How long will the overstrung nerves of the German people at home stand the strain of the enormous losses and, with the lengthening nights, the ever-growing menace of British and Russian air raids on a colossal scale?

Often promised, the crowning victory still escaped the Germans, though its imminence was prophesied more than once in their communiqués—and as often falsified by the event. For the Russians were fighting magnificently, and though their front was still endangered—particularly in the central sector where the main Nazi punch had been delivered with a view to smashing through to Moscow—there was little to substantiate the German claims that the Russians were disintegrating under the hammer-blows of the second big offensive, launched on July 12, and that the Germans were now engaged in mopping-up the fragments. True, the Russians had withdrawn several hundred miles. True, they had been forced to abandon to the enemy a vast territory. But that territory was now nothing more than a scorched waste. The Germans claimed an enormous bag of prisoners and a huge booty, but there was little to justify their claims. Indeed, there was reason to believe that their own losses were as great. Thus the Russians picked up on the battlefield a copy of an order issued by Major General Naehring, Commander of the 18th German Tank Division, which stated that "losses in equipment, arms and machines are unusually heavy, and considerably exceed the material captured. This situation cannot be tolerated, otherwise we will go on scoring victories until we ourselves perish."

After the first rush, when (it seemed clear) the Russians were taken by surprise, the German advance slowed down almost from day to day. The Nazis had plenty of excuses. German military spokesmen in Berlin emphasized the "superhuman difficulties" of the terrain; the battle areas, they pointed out, were worse than in any previous European campaign. There were huge tracks of swamps, traversed by a close network of rivers and streams and surrounded by vast, almost impenetrable forests. Everywhere lurked Russian guerillas in readiness for nocturnal sallies, so that the Nazi supply lines were constantly menaced. Moreover, it was pointed out, the great Russian rivers formed natural defence lines, most difficult to overcome.

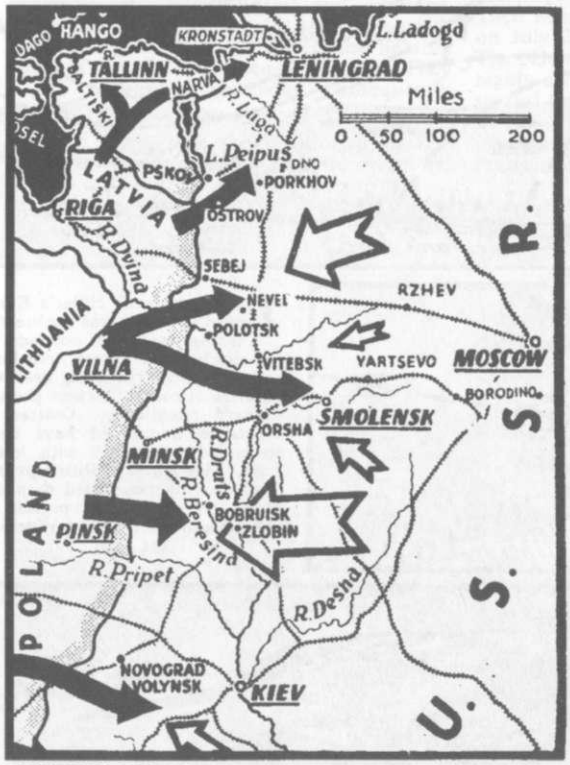
Then stress was laid upon the "unexpected savagery" and the "fatalistic resistance" of the Red soldiers. "Russian troops," said a spokesmen of the Nazi High Command in a broadcast on July 23, "although at times completely surrounded, defend themselves desperately, and time and again attempt to break out in every direction. They fight to the death and do much more than their duty. While the battlefields are covered with dead, we hardly take any prisoners these days. The Russian Command continuously push forward their troops into fresh counter-attacks." Very different was this battle from what the Nazis experienced on the Western Front where, to quote the spokesman again, "enemy resistance broke down because the officers gave in, or because the individual soldier realized the futility of further resistance." Altogether, the present phase of the German campaign in the East presented a strange picture. "'If such a state of affairs as has developed in Russia had been suggested as a plan for peacetime manoeuvres in Germany, every military expert would have turned it down as utterly impossible. Forms of strategy have developed that have hitherto been completely unknown"

To add to the invaders' difficulties, the weather showed signs of breaking. In places there were heavy rains, so that now the complaint was not of blinding dust storms but of morasses of mud in which the German tanks and lorries were heavily bogged.

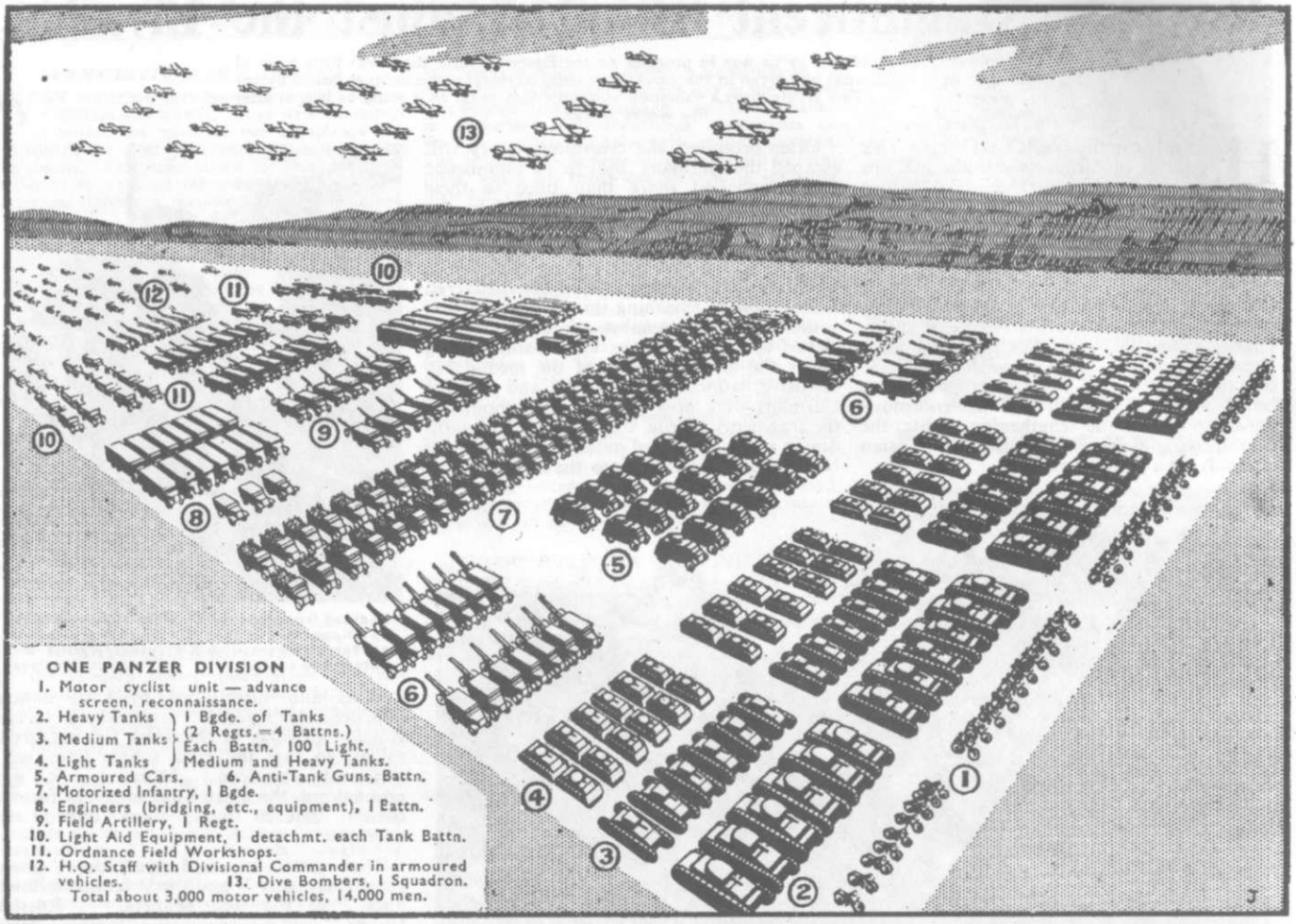
The Nazis still advanced, more particularly in the Smolensk area. They drew a little nearer to Leningrad, and at the opposite end of the immensely long front Bessarabia had now been completely overrun. But every day that passed was an immense gain to the Russians. Hundreds of thousands of reserves were pouring into the depôts; new armies were springing out of the earth far behind the fighting front. All Russia nerved itself as never before at the call and under the leadership of Stalin, who

Radioed from Moscow to New York and sent by Clipper to London, this photograph shows a Moscow woman A.R.P. motor-cyclist on duty in the capital. *Photo, Keystone*

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN PACT being signed in the Kremlin on July 12, 1941. M. Molotov and M. Stalin are standing behind Sir Stafford Cripps as he signs.

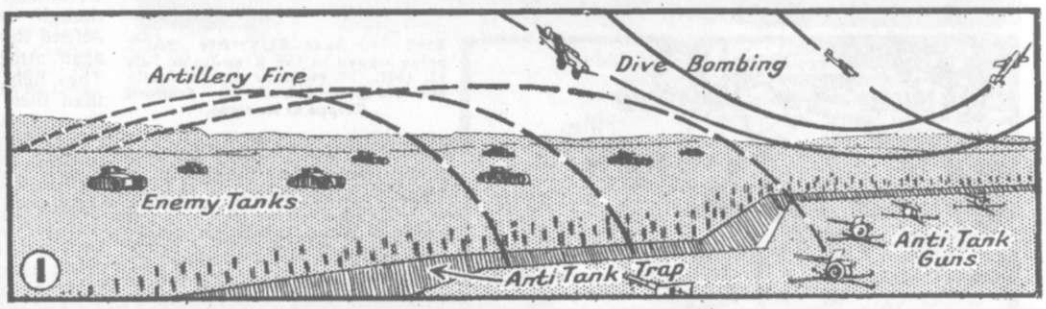


EASTERN FRONT after one month of war. The black arrows show how the main Nazi thrusts developed, and the white arrows the Russian counter-attacks. The neighbourhood of Smolensk was the most easterly point reached by the Nazis after the first month's fighting. *Photo, British Official; Map, G.P.U.*

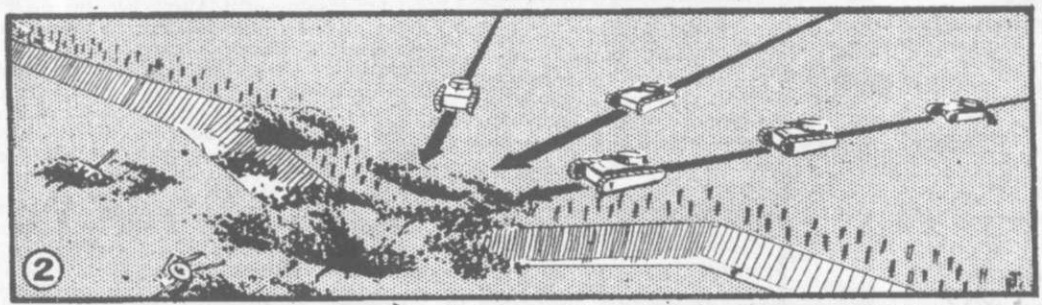

ONE PANZER DIVISION
1. Motor cyclist unit — advance screen, reconnaissance.
2. Heavy Tanks } 1 Bgde. of Tanks
3. Medium Tanks } (2 Regts.=4 Battns.)
4. Light Tanks } Each Battn. 100 Light, Medium and Heavy Tanks.
5. Armoured Cars. 6. Anti-Tank Guns, Battn.
7. Motorized Infantry, 1 Bgde.
8. Engineers (bridging, etc., equipment), 1 Battn.
9. Field Artillery, 1 Regt.
10. Light Aid Equipment, 1 detachmt. each Tank Battn.
11. Ordnance Field Workshops.
12. H.Q. Staff with Divisional Commander in armoured vehicles.
13. Dive Bombers, 1 Squadron.
Total about 3,000 motor vehicles, 14,000 men.

Speed! Speed! Speed!

How the Whirlwind Advances of the Panzer Divisions Are Made

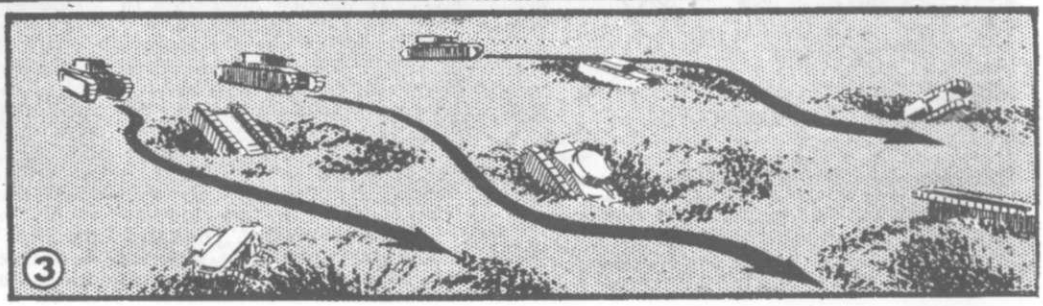


1. The advance is prepared and assisted by artillery and dive bombing attacks on anti-tank gun positions and traps; close co-operation between bombers and tanks and headquarters staff is maintained by radio.



THE keynote of Hitler's European successes was the breath-taking speed of advance of his mechanized forces, crushing armoured strength being used regardless of cost in life and pressed forward relentlessly. Centres of resistance unsubdued have been by-passed to be dealt with later. In the wide spaces of Russia panzer units, having penetrated deep defence zones, have often pressed on 100 miles or more without widening the gaps.

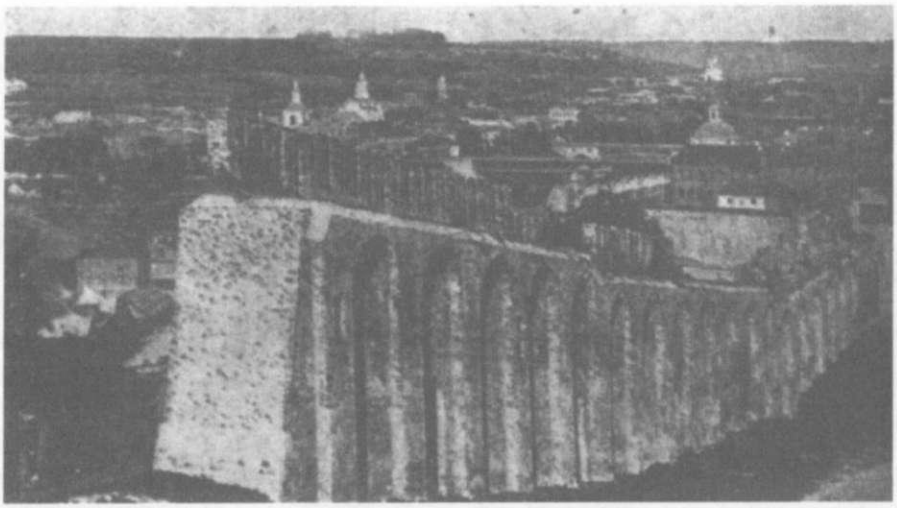
2. Having created a gap in the defences, tanks, brought by radio orders, advance and, by sheer weight of numbers, break through and widen the gap by spreading out and attacking each flank.



3. Some tanks are sacrificed in forcing a minefield, and the tanks following up avail themselves of gaps made clear.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by War Artists Ltd.*

Have the Germans Found Their Match at Last?



SMOLENSK, with its old fortifications in the foreground. The Germans reported its capture on July 16, but Marshal Timoshenko counter-attacked and dislodged General Kleist's panzer units from the outskirts of the town on July 19. On the right, Nazi troops are seen threading their way along a road towards a village that has just been fired by Russian soldiers. *Photo, E.N.A.*

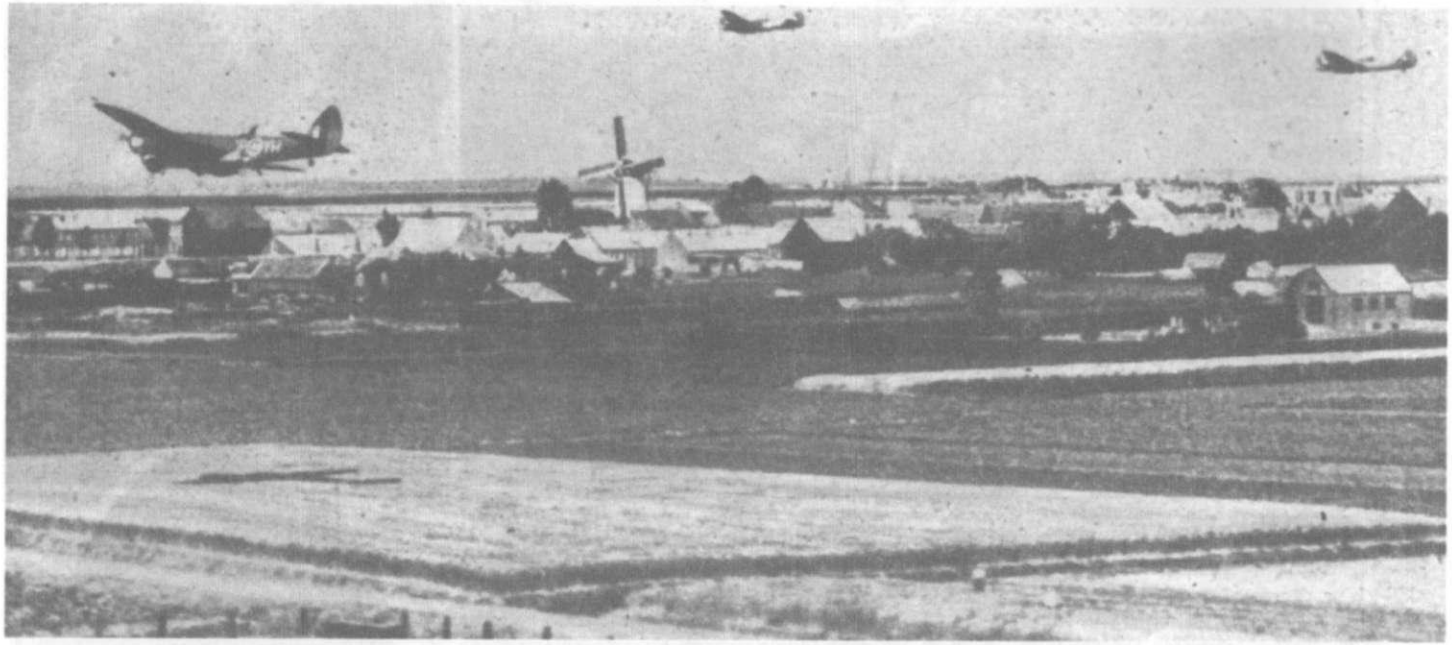
by a decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet issued on July 20 was appointed People's Commissar for Defence—in effect, supreme commander of the Russian forces—with Marshal Timoshenko as Assistant Commissar.

Another decree of the Presidium on July 17 reintroduced the office of Military Commissar in the Red Army. Specially selected and trained men, it was stated, would be assigned to all military units, and their tasks would be those which had been carried out with such conspicuous success by their predecessors during the Civil War of twenty years ago when, to quote "Pravda," "Military Commissars and Political Instructors inspired the Red Army with their personal examples of unselfishness and courage. They encouraged those who were exhausted. They strengthened and restored the fighting spirit of those whose strength flagged. They urged forward men who subsequently became heroes."

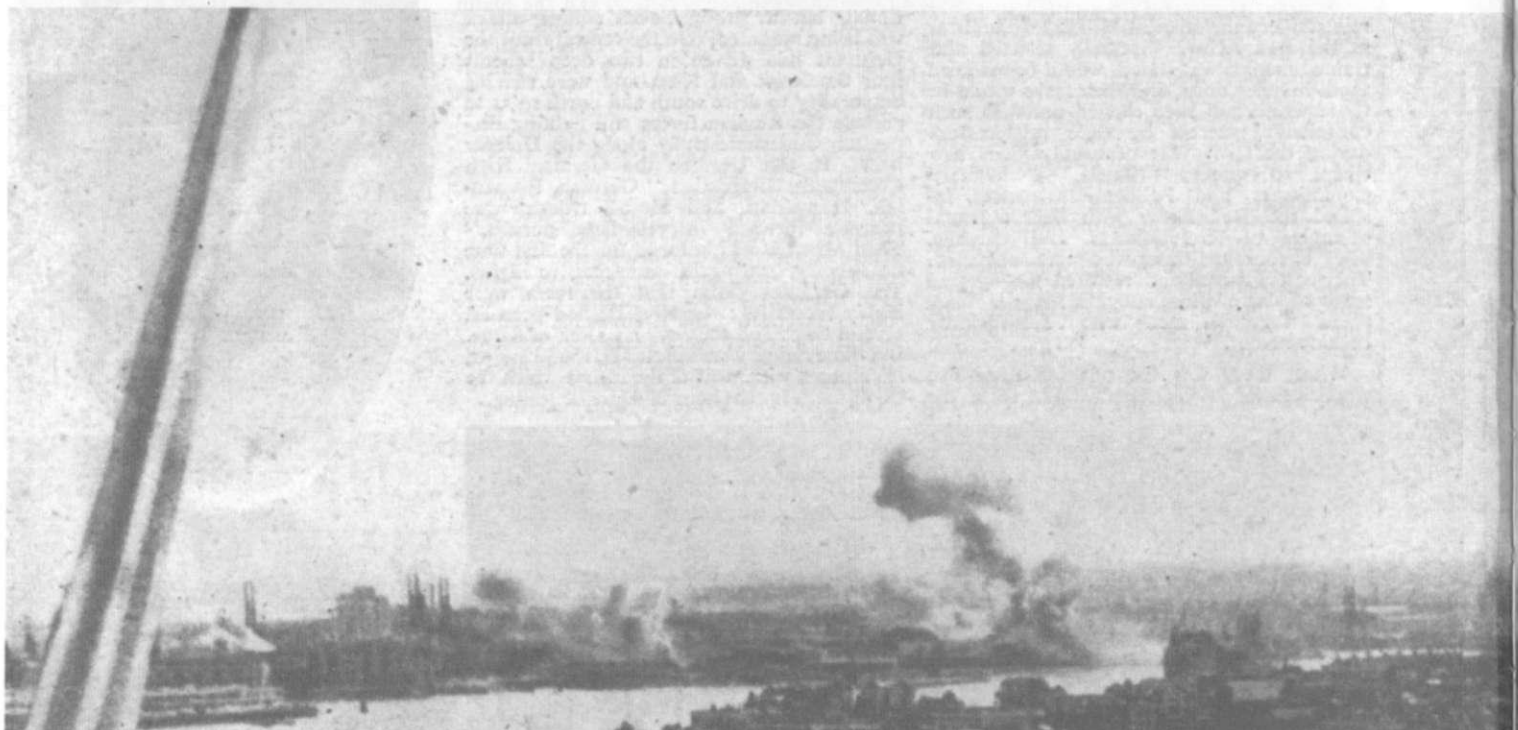
What, then, was the position after five weeks of war? On the northern front the Finnish thrust had reached Petrozavodsk on the north-west shore of Lake Onega, and was aiming to join up with Nazi divisions advancing from Latvia and Estonia to the encirclement of Leningrad. A Finnish division under General Siilasvuo was threatening the Leningrad-Murmansk railway and the Stalin Canal, but a strong Soviet counter-attack was being mounted. On the central front the Germans had driven in two deep salients near Smolensk and Kiev, and were striving desperately to drive south and north so as to enclose the Russian forces still fighting desperately and successfully along the Dnieper line. In the Ukraine the German High Command claimed that "German, Rumanian, Hungarian, and Slovak troops were pressing forward in relentless pursuit." Then Moscow was bombed for the first time on July 21, and again on successive nights. The Germans claim that the raids were highly successful: the Kremlin had been hit several times and the city was a sea of flame. But these claims were scouted by the Russians, in common with most of the claims which the Nazis made in that hour of supreme testing.

SOVIET SOLDIERS crossing a river by pontoon bridge on their way to attack the Nazis. On the right are motorized German troops passing through a blazing Russian town, while the oval photograph shows Russian mechanics loading a bomb into the bay of a plane in readiness for an aerial attack on the enemy columns. Up to the end of July none of the great objectives on the Russian front had been captured by Hitler. Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev still remained in Soviet hands, and the German blitzkrieg in the east may be said to have failed. *Photos, British Official*

Hedge-hopping Over Holland, Britain's Airmen Write 'V' for Vi



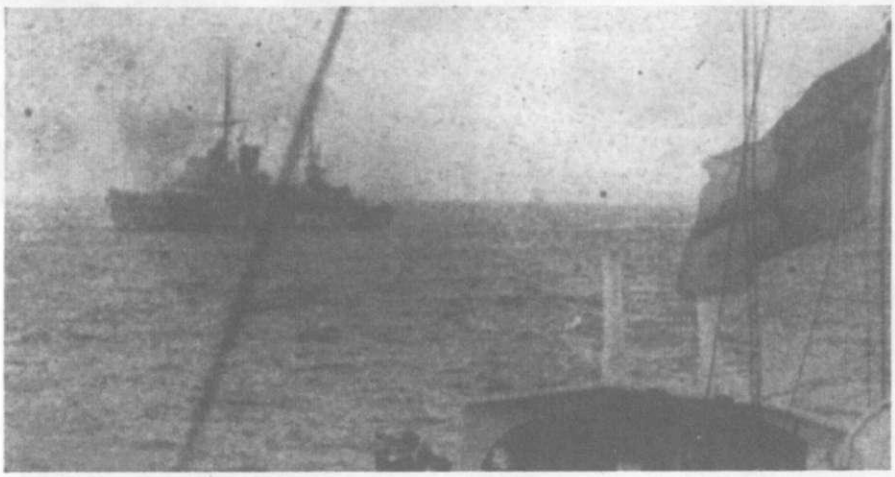
How low our pilots flew when they made their daylight attack on the Rotterdam docks on July 16 may be judged by these remarkable photographs. Above and below right, Blenheims are seen on the outskirts of the city where farmers can be seen at work in the fields. Right, our aircraft, flying less than 200 feet above the Rotterdam streets, are watched with interest by the inhabitants. One woman (black arrow) has stopped on the edge of the kerb and gazes upwards. No one runs for cover, for the Dutch know the R.A.F. bombs its target. Only the ducks on the lake (white arrow) are disturbed by the roar of the aircraft.



With the Royal Navy in the Syrian Campaign

Fresh from their laborious and dangerous exertions off Crete, light units of our Mediterranean Fleet played a considerable part in the campaign in Syria. It may be added that at the same time the Navy was responsible for supplying the forces in Tobruk, our submarines were ranging the Mediterranean, searching out enemy tankers and supply ships, while Admiral Cunningham's main fleet had to be ready in case the Italians put to sea to create a diversion.

Besides having to carry out almost daily bombardments of Vichy positions out of reach of our own field guns ashore, our naval forces engaged in the Syrian war-zone had had to guard the coast so that Vichy destroyers could not bombard our troops. On one or two occasions Vichy destroyers did manage to slip out of Beirut and engaged our land forces from very close range—so close, in fact, that the soldiers ashore could see the officers on the bridge observing through their glasses. The guns ashore replied to the Vichy fire from the sea and claimed a hit, but before any damage had been done British cruisers and destroyers arrived on the scene and the Vichy naval force retired behind a smoke screen.



BRITISH WARSHIPS of the Mediterranean Fleet are here seen in action against strongly fortified Vichy positions along the Syrian coastal road. This naval cooperation was of immense help to the Imperial troops during their advance towards Beirut. *Photo, British Official*

Cooperation between the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force was once again the feature of this short campaign; and the Australian and British forces on the coastal road have said how comforting it was to look out to sea day after day and find there five or six—sometimes more—ships of the Royal Navy steaming a few miles offshore. The Australians always cheered whenever our destroyers turned up off the coast, and after one of these bombardments when our destroyers knocked out a battery of twelve French 75s harassing our columns, the Brigadier commanding the coastal columns sent to the squadron this signal: "Thank you very much. Navy saved our bacon today!"

There were times when our destroyers came very close in, and then could thoroughly enjoy themselves. Once a destroyer was watching one part of this coastal road and within a few minutes it engaged and destroyed the following targets: a saloon car, two armoured fighting vehicles and three supply lorries. Someone who was there at the time described it as being rather like a shooting gallery at moving targets. Tanks and armoured cars were picked off as if it were a rifle range. If no moving targets presented themselves, then our ships searched out and destroyed bridges and artillery positions behind the Vichy lines.

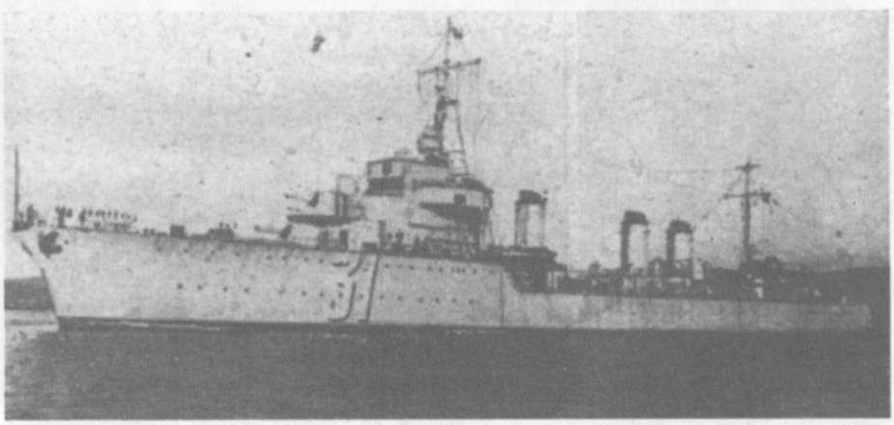
During these operations our ships were subject to air attack, and they had always to be ready night or day for sudden sorties by the Vichy destroyers from Beirut. One Vichy destroyer which was on her way to reinforce the small squadron in Beirut was spotted by the reconnaissance planes of the Fleet Air Arm. Immediately a torpedo attack was launched, and one torpedo was seen to hit the destroyer fair and square. Daylight reconnaissance showed oil and wreckage, and finally Vichy announced that they had lost a destroyer.

One night—a beautiful moonlight night with very good visibility—there was a short brisk action with the Vichy destroyers, seen by our forces against the distant lights of Beirut. There was a quiet order of "Alarm port," and simultaneously our ships opened fire. Our shells were seen falling all round the enemy, sending up great white waterspouts, and several times, although the enemy were firing, there was the unmistakable flash—different from a gun flash—which showed that our shells were going home. But as our ships raced up at thirty knots to complete their destruction, the enemy destroyers turned and got safely back to Beirut.

As our troops grimly fought their way up the coastal road towards Beirut one Vichy centre of resistance after another fell, and at last the French withdrew from Sidon, which had just undergone a twenty-four hour bombardment from a British naval force of nine units. From Sidon the advance continued, and finally we came up against the extremely strong position at Damour. Then our destroyers closed in to hammer the position, and methodically steamed up and down the coast, backwards and forwards, so close in that they could hear their own shell bursts echoing around the ravines. This bombardment helped our troops to cross the River Damour and to force a position which the enemy thought was impregnable. From then on our troops advanced closer and closer upon Beirut; and with them, supporting them from the sea, were our naval forces.

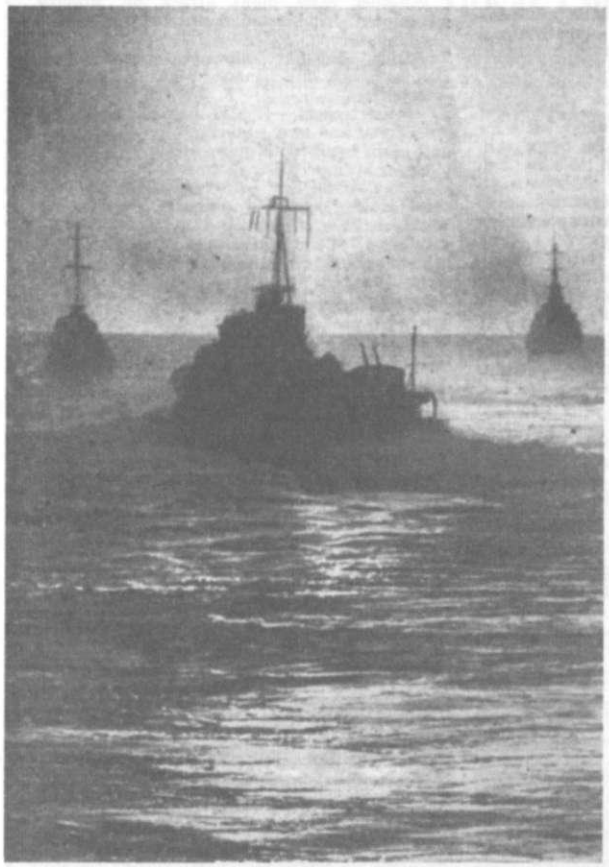
SYRIA, off whose coast naval units of the British Mediterranean Fleet collaborated with the Allied land forces during the successful Syrian campaign.

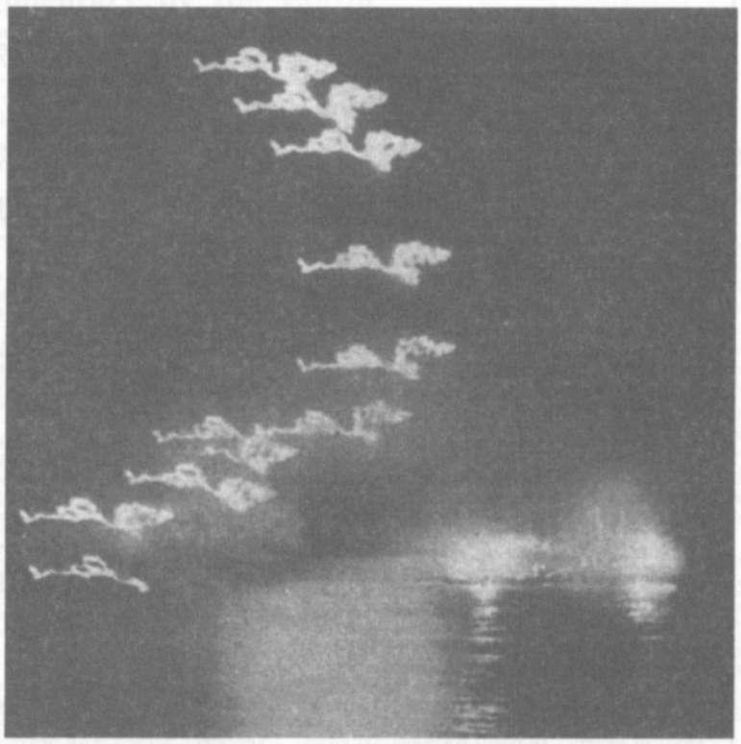
By now the citizens of Beirut had become extremely apprehensive. They had no wish for naval 6-in. and 4·7-in. shells to be flying around their city, and they made urgent demands that it should be declared an open town and the French withdraw beyond it. The threat of air and naval bombardment certainly helped to persuade the Vichy authorities to ask for an armistice.



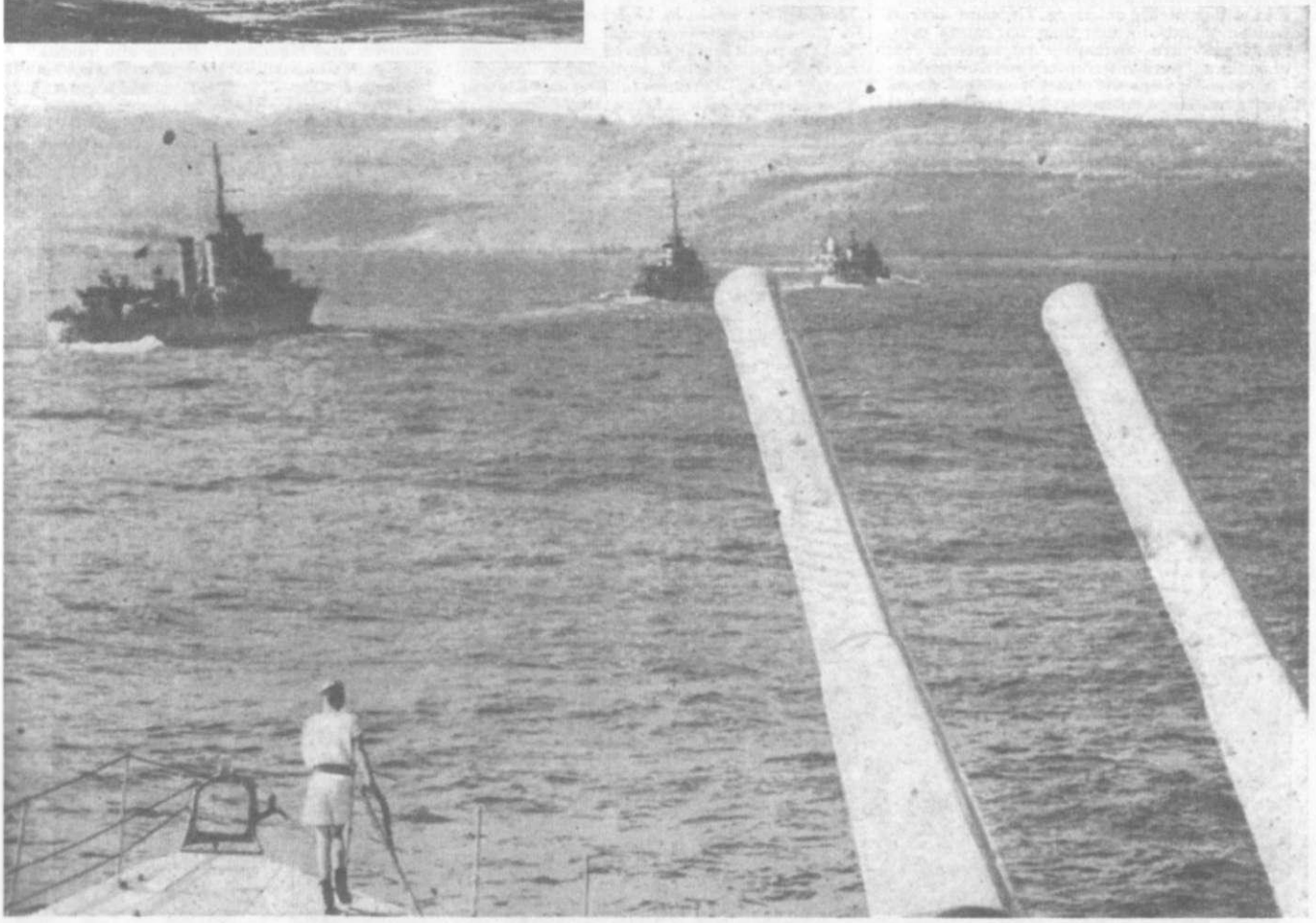
GUEPARD, one of three Vichy destroyers—Valmy and Vauquelin being the other two—which escaped from Syria to Toulon before the Convention, by which all French ships in the vicinity of Syria were to be turned over to Britain, came into force. *Photo, Planet News*

Theirs Was a Fine Contribution to the Victory





Gun flashes from a British warship seen at water level, a photograph taken during a night encounter between our naval units and Vichy vessels. On the left, British destroyers approaching the coast of Syria in the dawn to cooperate with our land forces are attacking strongly fortified positions.



OFF SYRIA, British destroyers in formation returning to harbour after being in action against the Vichy forces. Certain ships of the Royal Australian Navy took part in those actions intended to help the advance of our army along the coast road to Beirut. On one occasion the Vichy ships took refuge in Beirut harbour, and subsequent aerial reconnaissance established the fact that a Vichy destroyer was lying there badly damaged, probably as a result of our bombing or gunfire.

Photos, British and Australian Official: Crown Copyright

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 1941 *687th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H. M. drifters Devon County and Lord St. Vincent had been sunk.

Air.—Offensive cross-Channel sweeps resumed. Enemy tanker set on fire.

Sustained night attack on Cologne. Other targets in Rhineland and docks at Rotterdam were also bombed. Fighter Command attacked enemy aerodromes in France.

Russian Front.—Fierce fighting in areas of German thrusts towards Leningrad, Moscow, and Kiev. Germans claimed successes on Finnish and Bessarabian fronts.

Africa.—During night of 19-20 British and Indian patrols at Tobruk carried out series of successful raids on enemy positions.

R.A.F. made heavy night attacks on Benghazi and Tripoli.

Mediterranean.—Heavy bombers raided Naples on night of 20-21, damaging harbour and railway sidings.

General.—Mr. Brendan Bracken appointed Minister of Information in place of Mr. Duff Cooper, proceeding on mission to Far East.

German Minister to Bolivia expelled by Government following discovery of subversive activities centralized in German Legation.

MONDAY, JULY 21 *688th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attack on Lille and on enemy shipping off French coast. Eight enemy fighters down for loss of three.

Night raids on industrial targets and railways at Frankfurt and Mannheim. Docks at Cherbourg and Ostend and aerodromes in northern France were also attacked.

Russian Front.—Stubborn fighting round Smolensk and in sectors north and south of German wedge. In south Russians completed strategic retreat from Bessarabia to lines behind the river Dniester.

German High Command claimed that in southern sector enemy was being pursued.

During night of 21-22 German aircraft raided Moscow for first time, but caused comparatively little damage. Attempts to raid Leningrad were intercepted by Russian aircraft, and 19 enemy planes were shot down.

Home.—Few enemy aircraft crossed coast during night. Bombs fell at points in East Anglia. Enemy bomber collided with R.A.F. machine over Home Counties; both destroyed and crews killed.

General.—German Government protested against expulsion of German Minister from La Paz, and ordered Bolivian Chargé d'Affaires in Berlin to leave.

TUESDAY, JULY 22 *689th day*

Sea.—Enemy convoy off island of Pantellaria, Mediterranean, attacked by R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm; three ships sunk and destroyer damaged.

Air.—R.A.F. attacked shipbuilding yards at Le Trait, west of Rouen. Extensive sweeps over northern France. Four enemy fighters destroyed for loss of three.

Night raids on Rhineland industries, main targets being Frankfurt and Mannheim. Docks at Dunkirk, Ostend and Rotterdam also bombed.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported heavy fighting in four principal sectors of front. Germans claimed that Soviet defence line had been broken up into isolated groups which were being annihilated.

Another night raid on Moscow. Russians stated they destroyed 15 enemy bombers.

Africa.—Patrols at Tobruk made another sortie on night of 21-22. Heavy bombers attacked Benghazi on night of 22-23.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 23 *690th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made daylight attacks on enemy shipping off France and Low Countries. One vessel sunk, another damaged. Inland targets near St. Omer bombed. Eleven fighters destroyed. We lost 10 fighters and 5 bombers.

Reconnaissance machines discovered that battleship Scharnhorst had been moved from Brest to La Pallice, 240 miles south. There she was attacked with heavy armour-piercing bombs. During night further attacks made on Scharnhorst and on Gneisenau at Brest.

Night offensive against Frankfurt and Mannheim. Port of Cherbourg was also bombed, and docks at Le Havre and Ostend.

Russian Front.—Smolensk stated still in Russian hands despite German claim of capture on July 16. Fighting continued in Petrozavodsk sector, north-east of Lake Ladoga. Enemy renewed attacks in Porkhov sector, south-east of Leningrad.

Germans claimed to be pursuing "beaten enemy" in Ukraine. Battle in progress round Zhitomir.

Another mass night attack on Moscow attempted; most raiders intercepted before reaching city.

Africa.—Further offensive patrols from Tobruk. R.A.F. made night attack on Benghazi.

Mediterranean.—R.A.F. fighters destroyed an E-boat and two Junkers.

R.A.F. bombed shipping at Trapani, Sicily, and aerodromes at Trapani and Marsala.

Home.—One day and two night bombers shot down during widespread but small-scale raids on Britain. Bombs also fell in Northern Ireland and Eire.

General.—Vichy announced that Japan had been granted temporary bases in French Indo-China.

THURSDAY, JULY 24 *691st day*

Air.—Coastal Command bombed railway yards at Hazebrouck. Twelve enemy fighters destroyed for loss of six.

Daylight attacks on Scharnhorst and Gneisenau. In the two days' operations R.A.F. destroyed 33 enemy fighters. We lost 15 bombers and 7 fighters.

Heavy night raids on Kiel and Emden. Lesser ones on Wilhelmshaven and docks at Rotterdam. Fighter Command attacked airfields in France.

Russian Front.—Moscow reported furious fighting in regions of Porkhov, Polotsk-Nevel, Smolensk and Zhitomir. German report made no new claims and referred to strong Russian resistance.

Home.—Enemy bomber shot down off east coast of Scotland.

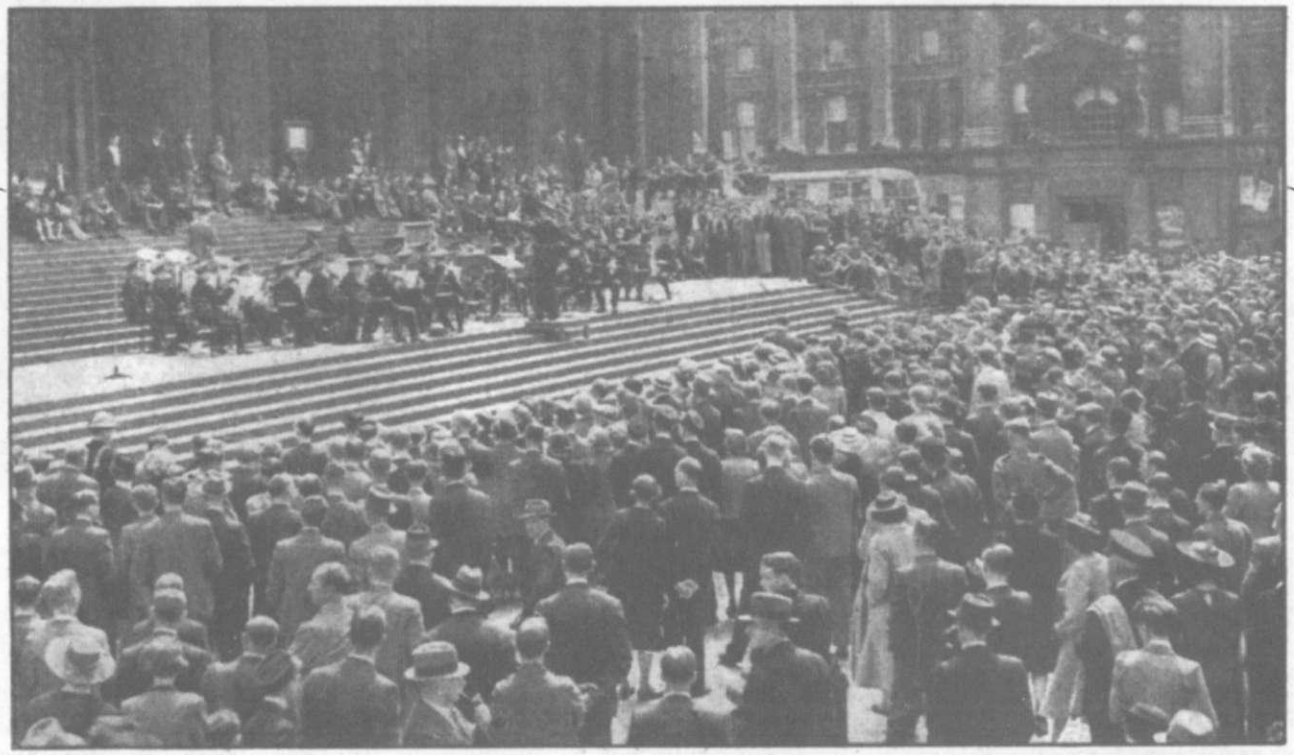
FRIDAY, JULY 25 *692nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that during naval operations connected with passage of British convoy through Mediterranean our forces suffered series of heavy dive-bombing and E-boat attacks. H.M. destroyer Fearless sunk.

Air.—R.A.F. night offensive centred on Hanover and Hamburg. Berlin also raided. Fighter Command attacked aerodromes in northern France.

Russian Front.—Russians launched counter-attack in Battle of Smolensk and claimed to have destroyed 5th German infantry division.

General.—Great Britain and U.S.A. froze Japanese assets.



OUTSIDE ST. PAUL'S, on a beautifully warm and sunny July day, the band of the Royal Marines is playing to an appreciative audience. This was one of a series of lunchtime and evening band concerts arranged for Londoners during the summer. Thanks to the R.A.F., for which the Luftwaffe now has a wholesome respect, no apprehensive glances at the sky distract from their enjoyment. *Photo. Associated Press*

AIR VIEWS OF HAMBURG: WHAT DO THEY SHOW?

A Critical Commentary by the Editor

Although written before Mr. Brendan Bracken's appointment this is by way of an open letter to the new Minister of Information, in whose energy and youthful daring I have great confidence. British propaganda has been—and is—adversely criticized. It is up to him to effect the much-needed change. M. Maisky might be worth consulting, as the Soviet officials have quickly shown that their closer relations with Goebbels since September 1939 have taught them much.

HAS the M.O.I. done a wise thing in issuing these two air photos of a scene in Hamburg before and after camouflage? I don't think so. They horrify me. I am haunted by the fear that we are not "giving it" to Hamburg as generously as we have been led to believe. Look at the photos; examine them with care; you will agree that the Hamburg Hun did a good job in making the Binnen Alster, the lesser of the two lakes in the centre of his city, look like a "built-up area." But to what purpose our thousands of heavy explosives and incendiaries in our 80 raids on the city? Not a sign of destruction can I make out. The main building blocks look the same before and after camouflage; indeed, they are more sharply defined in the later photograph; nowhere do I detect acres of ruin, no thoroughfares show any breakages, all streets, broad and narrow, follow their old straight lines or curves, even the railway station appears to be undamaged. A refugee from the city has reported that while there was a near-miss at the station it had not actually been hit when he left the place.

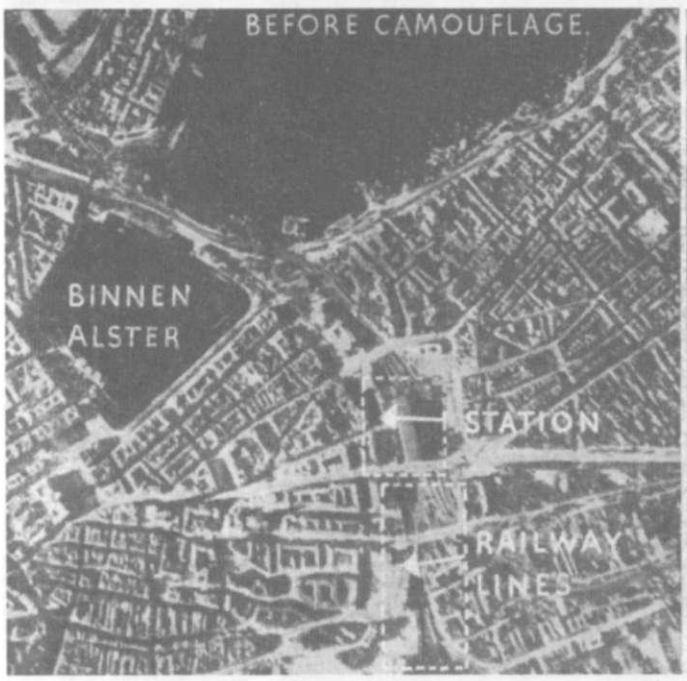
Like millions of my fellow-citizens I have listened almost every day for months to the reports of our bombers over Hamburg and the vast fires they could see when they were forty miles away on their return journey, and I believe them implicitly. Not the least little indication of the devastation in which I have so fondly believed jumps to the eye that critically examines these amusing but otherwise disappointing "releases" from our Ministry of Information. Nothing is here to comfort the inhabitants of the East End of London, the business men of the City, the bombed-out tenants of the Temple, our homeless friends in Coventry, Bristol, Plymouth, and many another of our bombed and fire-wrecked cities—nothing at all to make us realize that Hamburg has been made to suffer. Only that they have got some ingenious experts in the art of camouflage there. How bewilderingly ineffective our propaganda people do seem to be! Why cannot they obtain the release of at least a few photographs that would give us the long-denied satisfaction of clear evidence of damage?

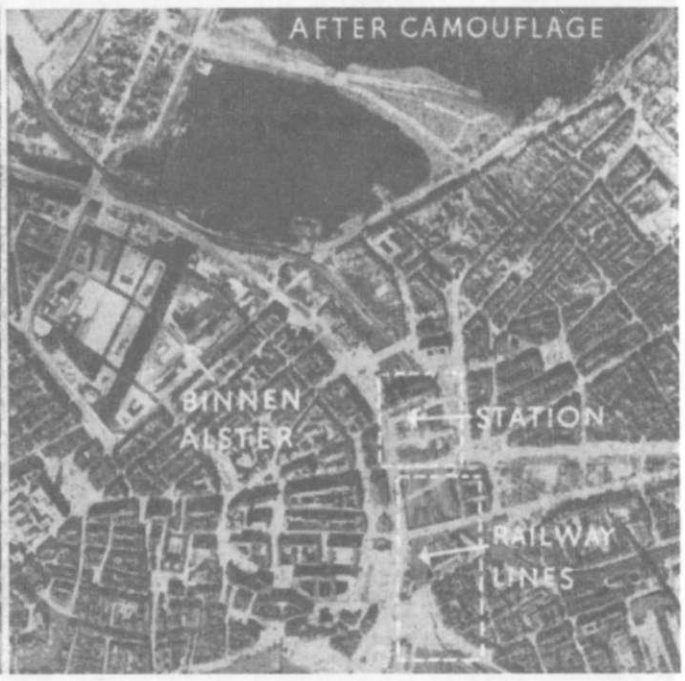
There is a possible (but highly unlikely) explanation of these absolutely futile photos. They may have been taken twelve months ago and are now thought fit for release. Not too great a lapse of time in the languorous judgement of the M.O.I. Meanwhile the central station, the real Lombards-Bruecke, as well as the dummy one shown in the "after camouflage" photo, and all the closely-built areas included in the amusing snapshots may have been reduced to shapeless rubble, *as they ought to have been*, if the oft-repeated tales of our heavy attacks on Hamburg have been worth the listening. If so, would it not have been far more worth while to let us have some photographic records of the consequent chaos? Surely that is not only a sensible question but also an urgent one. If our aerial cameras can record so clearly the effects of camouflaging, so that its purpose is nullified, could they not equally record the effects of our "beautiful bombs" and incendiaries?

Unhappily all my inquiries and perquisitions lead me to think that these photographs were actually taken quite recently, and most people can only conclude that the inhabitants of this part of central Hamburg have enjoyed an immunity from British bombs that is totally at variance with the experience of those of us in central London, whose fate it is to endure the attentions of the Nazi bombers. The great dock area, which we are told has been enormously damaged, is only three-quarters of a mile from the outer edge of the district covered by these air views. Photographs of that damaged area would be very acceptable.

I suggest in all seriousness that the effect of these two official photos—completely useless as propaganda—will be most disturbing to anyone who brings to their study even a moderate capacity for investigation. But they are quite in line with the childishness that has informed so many of the futilities for which we taxpayers are providing an unstated number of millions sterling.

Goebbels will not be up to his accustomed form if he doesn't re-issue them to his Nazi pictorial press as a present from his opposite number in London showing how well Hamburg has stood up to the R.A.F. bombing and how neatly his colleagues of the camouflage have done their job; there can be no reason else for his concealing them. Let the pundits of Senate House, Bloomsbury, try again with something more instructive and a little more consolatory. But in the meantime they might, in fairness to the efforts of our brave lads of the Bomber Command, "condescend upon a date" by letting the public know how long it is since the centre of Hamburg was looking as spick and span as it does in the second of these two photographs.

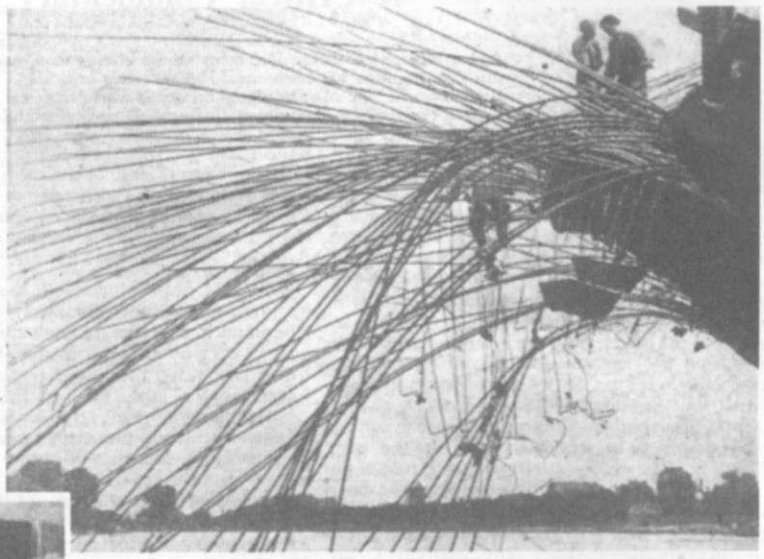




Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

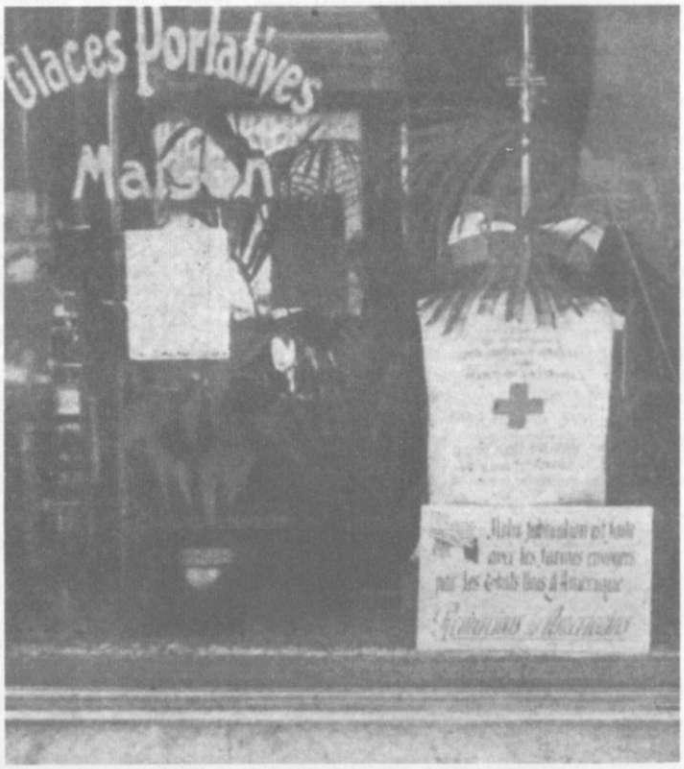
Glimpses of Life in Once-Great France

FRENCH WAR PRISONERS, a few of whom have recently been released in keeping with an accord reached between Vichy and the Nazis, are on their way home. Each prisoner has had a white line placed on his back by the Nazis.



DEMOLISHED BRIDGES, remnants of the bitter struggle of 1940, are now being repaired in France. These steel reinforcement rods droop sadly from the wreckage of a concrete railway bridge.

MARSHAL PÉTAIN (carrying cane) listens to explanations by Gen. Jean Bergeret, Minister of Aviation in the Vichy Government, as he examines bombs at the French air base at Aulnat. Against whom are they destined to be used ?



The notice in this window of a baker's shop in Vichy France reads : " Our products are made with flour sent by the United States of America. Our thanks to the Americans." Behind is a bag of flour labelled " Gift of the people of U.S.A. to the people of France, through the intermediary of the American Red Cross. 98 lb. flour."

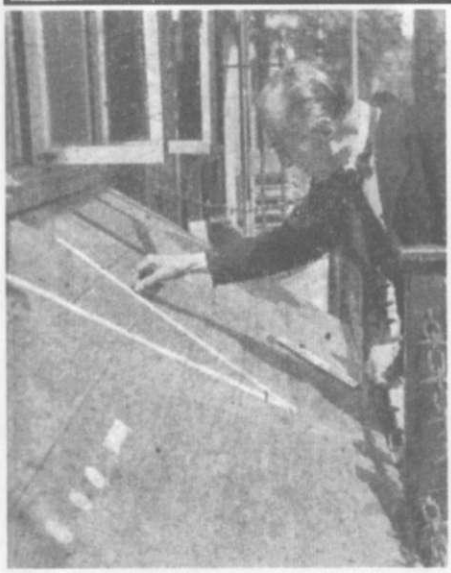
GERMAN SOLDIERS and the Luftwaffe's maintenance men are busy levelling the ground of an airfield in Occupied France after the R.A.F. have passed over on an " offensive sweep."

Photos, Wide World, Associated Press, Keystone

Only a 'V'—But It Spells Hitler's Doom!

THE most effective propaganda so far devised against the Nazi tyranny is the V campaign invented by M. Victor de Laveleye, head of the Belgian station at the B.B.C. It has brought hope to the occupied territories. The letter V which appears mysteriously anywhere and everywhere means victory for the Allies. The Nazis are so perturbed by this symbol that they have tried to steal it, but the German people must know that *Viktoria* is not the right German word for victory. In Hun language it is *Sieg*. There is a significant V in German, and it is *Vernichtung* meaning destruction, and this is coming to the Nazis.

A Pétain poster in Marseilles, Unoccupied France, has been marked with two significant "Vs," meaning British victory, in answer to the pusillanimous policy of collaboration with Germany on the part of the Vichy Government.



The "V" in Morse code and as a letter chalked up on a London wall. On the right a "V" wreath placed on the Foch statue in London. *Photos, Associated Press and "Daily Mail"; cartoon by Wyndham Robinson from the "Star"*

Where the 'Bombed Out' Are Sure of a Welcome

COLOUR, cheerfulness, and "none of that Nosy Parker business"—these are among the chief impressions I brought away from a tour of several of the Rest Centres run by the Social Welfare Department of the London County Council. They must mean a lot to the unfortunate folk for whom these Centres have been established—people who, emerging from their Andersons or public shelters in the early morning light, find that their homes and all their worldly goods have been blown to pieces or buried beneath debris, or at least covered with a thick layer of dirt and dust. They themselves are likely to be a bit dirty, too, particularly if bombs have been stirring up the elements round about them. Some of them, as they step along the white line which guides them through the children's playground to the school where the Centre is established, are dressed in their night-clothes only, or maybe they have next to nothing on save a blanket.

No sooner are they inside the Centre, however, than they find a deck-chair awaiting them, a cup of tea and a cheery smile. Then there is hot water for a wash, heaps of shoes and piles of clothes from which any deficiency in dress may be speedily repaired. There are no questions asked; no payment is demanded, nor is it taken if it is offered, though some of the inmates—we had better call them guests, as that is the official term—may stay as long as a week, until their homes have been made fit for them to go back to, or a neighbour has offered the use of his spare room, or they can be evacuated into the country.

SCATTERED about London are numbers of these Rest Centres, and, of course, in other great cities, too. The first-line Centres are L.C.C. schools, where accommodation is available since so many children have been evacuated. These have been carefully adapted for their new use; floors have been strengthened, windows blocked up, and gas-proof rooms provided. The second line consists of church and public halls, which are used as overflows. Then there is a third line brought into use only during the very bad "blitzes," consisting of chapels, mission premises, Quaker meeting-houses, and the like. A considerable proportion of the staff is drawn from the ranks of the teachers, but many have been specially recruited, and the whole are under the direction of the permanent staff of the L.C.C.'s Social Welfare Department.

The Centres of the first line are reminiscent of the hostels which have become so popular amongst holiday-makers of recent years. In each there is a reception-room, a large communal dining-room, a recreation-room for games, and a children's nursery; the latter in particular is an altogether charming place, with its chintz curtains, its jolly pictures and its wealth of toys—mostly second-hand but none the less desirable for that. There are rocking-horses, building bricks, dolls' houses big enough to get into, shops and garages, and chairs just big enough for the comfort of juvenile posteriors.

Bombed out of their home, this little family, after rescuing what they can in the way of personal belongings, make their way to an Emergency Rest Centre.

Then upstairs there is a rest-room—and what a collection of armchairs, settees, sofas, and other relics of bygone days have been rescued from bombed homes! Now they are enjoying a further lease of usefulness in surroundings altogether undreamed of by the mid-Victorian newly-weds who first gave them a place in their homes. Everywhere there are bright colours. The rooms are known as the green room, the yellow room; the deck-chairs are painted vivid reds and blues, and even the bins in the kitchen are distinctively coloured: "That one with the rice in, is black because niggers eat it." Then there are the bedrooms with piles of mattresses ready to be laid on the bunks; on the door of the women's room is the notice, "Gentlemen withdraw when the first lady retires."

Down below, well beneath street level, is the Control Room where, when the Alert is sounded and the bombs are dropping—and heaven knows, every street in this thickly-populated area of North-East London has its wounds—the officer-in-charge directs his little army of workers. Sometimes he is hard put to it to find room for all his guests, but as many as 1,800 have sought admission in a single night. Sought admission, and found it—and a welcome, too.

E. R. P.

They reach the Rest Centre, which is housed in a school building, and the first thing they do is to have a good meal, right, before making plans for the future.

Circle, an experienced lady interviewer has a chat with them about their future plans, gives some useful advice, and offers any further assistance they may need. *Photos, Keystone*

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

We Went in a Motor-Boat from Crete to Africa

One party of soldiers and airmen who escaped from Crete crossed the Mediterranean to North Africa in a boat designed for calm coastal waters. Their story is told here by an Australian sergeant air-gunner.

My aircraft had to make a forced landing on the beaches of Crete. The other three members of the crew and I all got clear of the machine, and not far away we found some Army and Royal Air Force personnel awaiting evacuation. We stayed the night and following day with them, and next evening another British aircraft made a forced landing within 500 yards of our own machine. We were joined by its crew, and at about the same time a Hurricane pilot arrived.

Next morning the Germans began bombing a near-by village, so we moved. It was good to see them bombing two wrecked aircraft on the beach. The German pilots must have made fantastic claims of successes, because the wrecks were set on fire several times.

During the night we sent out patrols to forage and they brought back onions, lettuces, beans and green mulberries. I was scrounging in a fowlhouse when a German plane dropped bombs close by. The fowlhouse was demolished and fell on top of me.

Eventually we met some more British and Australian troops and decided to try to launch a flat-bottomed landing craft which had been washed up and abandoned on the beach. Men of various regiments were detailed to find fuel and rations. The Australians were to try to launch the craft, while the Air Force was made responsible for its navigation. Launching seemed an impossible task, but we were hastened by the Germans firing tommy-guns. A patrol in a rowing boat was fired on and one officer was wounded. Other members of the crew jumped over the side and towed the boat out of range before climbing back and returning to us.

That evening we got our craft away and set course for North Africa. There were about 77 of us. The sea, which had been beautifully calm for two days, became rough, and we found that the compass from my aircraft was useless. Our boat, 50 feet long with a 10-foot beam, had a flat bottom and little freeboard, so we had to bale out all the way over. Most of us were horribly seasick. We navigated with a small pocket compass in daytime and in darkness by the stars.

Early next morning we sighted a submarine. Somebody on board the submarine said something in English which cheered us up no end. We soon found it was not one of ours, for it opened fire across our bows and stopped us. Our senior officer was ordered to leave, and he swam across to the submarine which afterwards came alongside and took off all the officers except the wounded Australian. The submarine commander then told us that we were free, but that we must return to Crete.

Instead, we reset our course for North Africa. Only one of the engines was working and we had to check our course continually. Our supply of water was very foul, and for food we had one quarter of a tin of bully beef per man twice daily. There were also a few onions.

Early during the afternoon of the third day we had our first sight of land and thought at first we had fallen into the hands of the Germans, because we saw a tank which did not look like one of ours. Two of us swam ashore to investigate and discovered we were within four miles of the point we had aimed at. We all swam ashore, to be warmly welcomed by South African troops.

How I Plodded 200 Miles Across Libyan Sands

"Moore's March" was one of the epics of the Libyan campaigns. The remarkable story of how four wounded British soldiers, with practically no food or water, set out to walk over 200 miles through the desert is told here by Trooper Ronald Moore himself.

We were on patrol when the "Eyeties" spotted us at Hadje Bishara, some miles south of Koufra. There were several trucks in one patrol, under Major Clayton, and we returned their fire with our machine-guns as our drivers bumped, all out, over the sand.

Very soon my truck got cut off from the others, and it wasn't long after that that she caught fire, and we thought it was all up. I yelled to the others, "Shall we go or surrender?" and somebody yelled back, "Beat it." We piled out—four of us and an Italian prisoner we had with us—and made for some rocks a short way ahead.

There was Guardsman John Easton, of Edinburgh, who was wounded in the throat; Pte. Alfred Tighe, of Manchester, Guardsman Alexander Winchester, of Glasgow, and myself (a New Zealander), but Major Clayton and two others, who were wounded, remained behind and were captured.

We hid among the rocks until nightfall, not daring to move, as enemy planes were circling overhead. But after dark we got together, and as we had neither food nor water with us, debated whether we should give ourselves up or set out across the desert in the hopes that another of our patrols would pick us up. We decided to make a bid for it, and set out at dawn, taking our prisoner along with us. We headed south, where we thought it most likely we would run across another British, or perhaps a French, patrol.

I had had a piece of shrapnel in my foot some days previously, and John Easton's wound was hurting him, but we managed to cover forty miles that first day. We had no food or water, and I remember my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth, so that I couldn't speak. Then, late in the afternoon, we saw a car, and our hopes rose.

We walked towards it—about two miles—when we saw without doubt it was Italian. We sat in the sand then, out of sight, behind a dune, and again debated whether we should surrender. We were nearly mad with thirst, and decided to give ourselves up. The "Eyetie" led the way in front, and we followed in line up a wadi with our hands up. But we got closer and closer with nothing happening and, when finally we reached the car, we found it had been abandoned—shot to pieces, evidently by one of our own patrols.

The first thing we did was to search for food and water, but the water tanks had also been riddled by bullets, and every drop had leaked out. There was no food either, and all we could find were some empty condensed milk cans that had been thrown away, and the dried-up leaves that someone had emptied from a teapot.

We scraped the remains of the milk with our finger-nails from the insides of the cans, but it was hard and full of sand. We tried to chew the dried tea-leaves, but with no saliva in our mouths we couldn't swallow, and we were about to give up when I found a water tank among the debris of the car that had about a gallon and a half of water in it.

We took a condensed milk can, and in it we boiled up some of the dried tea-leaves. It looked awful, and tasted worse, but, oh boy! that was the finest cup of tea I've ever had.

We left the "Eyetie" there—he had a

THIS AUSTRALIAN signaller, alone in an open boat, escaped from Crete and made his way across the Mediterranean to the N. African coast between Sidi Barrani and Mersa Matruh. His only compass was a penknife stuck into the deck, he was fired at by the Germans as he left the Cretan coast, and then was machine-gunned by an enemy plane. When ten miles off the African coast his boat fell to pieces and he finished the journey floating on this two-gallon water tin. *Photo, British Official*

I WAS THERE!

The thrilling story of "Moore's March" is related in this page. Above, after they had been picked up, are Trooper Ronald Moore (left) and Pte. Alfred Tighe. *Photo, "Life" Magazine*

chance of being picked up. Then the four of us set out again across the sand.

It was bitterly cold that night. None of us had more than just our shirts and shorts—so we dug a hole in the sand and lay, with our arms round each other, trying to keep warm. We had found a field dressing that morning, so had been able to dress Easton's wound and bandage my foot. I don't think I could ever have gone on without that dressing.

Our water we rationed out among the four of us, drinking only a mouthful or so, night and morning—but we had no food. I remembered where, a few days ago, we had camped in the sand. Cookie had given us lentils for supper. None of us liked lentils, and we all had thrown them away—we had cursed poor Cookie, too.

That was at Sarra—125 miles from where we took to the sand. I kept thinking of those lentils, and, as it was on our way south, we made for our old camp, and we got there in four days. We found the lentils, but they had been dried out by the sun, and were so salty we couldn't eat them. Again we scraped out the milk cans that had been thrown away.

We were all very weak by now, and as Alfred Tighe was in a pretty bad shape, he decided to remain at Sarra, thinking there would be more chance of being picked up there than there would be farther south.

There was not much water left by now, but we divided what little there was, putting Tighe's share in an empty lentil bottle we found at the camp, and the three of us went on alone. Later, when I saw Tighe again, I learned the bottle we had put his water in had so much salt in it from the lentils that the water was like brine and he couldn't drink it.

I lost all count of time after that. We just walked on, heading south and stopping every hour for a few minutes' rest. Each night I thought I would never live to see another day—the cold was so intense, and it was always some time before I could get my legs to work when we set out again at dawn.

Then, one morning, I think it must have been the second after leaving Tighe, John Easton could not get up. Winchester and I rubbed his legs to start the circulation, and, finally, got him to his feet, but he could not stand for long—just stumbled a few paces and dropped in the sand.

He did this several times, trying all he could to keep going, but I knew, somehow, by the staring look in his eyes that he was done. He asked for water, and I gave him half of what was left, but it was no good, and in a few moments he died.

We just buried him where he was, in the sand, and Winchester and I went on alone. We divided the few mouthfuls of water we had left, equally, and set out south again. We could not walk far at a time, so stopped for frequent rests. We had lost our shoes somewhere, and were walking in our bare feet. It is easier, I think, in the soft sand.

I don't remember very clearly what happened after that, except plodding hour after hour through the hot sand. I didn't dare drink the last few drops of water I had, so just swilled my mouth out with it and spat it back into the bottle to use again.

And then, one day, Winchester conked out. He could go no farther. I just scraped a hollow in the sand for him to lie in. I left him there and went on.

By this time I could only go a mile or so without resting, but I went as far as I could each time before sitting down in the sand. And I saw two lorries away off on the horizon, and I waved at them, but they didn't see me, and soon disappeared among the dunes.

It was the next day that I got picked up—on the Jef Jef, 225 miles south of where we started—and I found, later, I had taken ten days to get there—ten days without food and only three pints of water.

When I first saw the lorry approaching, I couldn't believe my eyes. I thought it must be a mirage or something, and just kept on stumbling along. I remembered I was thinking about the bones at the time that lay along the route every few hundred yards, bleached white. They were only camels' bones, but I thought, if even the camels died, what chance had I?

From the drivers of the truck I learned that both Tighe and Winchester had been picked up. Tighe first, the day before, but, being unable to speak French, he had not been able to make them understand that they would find us also, somewhere south.

It was not until the next day, after they found someone who spoke English, that they set out in search of us.—*Time and Life, Ltd.*

What a Pity the 'Enemy Ships' Were Dummies!

The Royal Navy are the world's foremost exponents of torpedo-bombing, and this picture of the Fleet Air Arm at practice shows how the pilots develop their skill in this difficult technique.

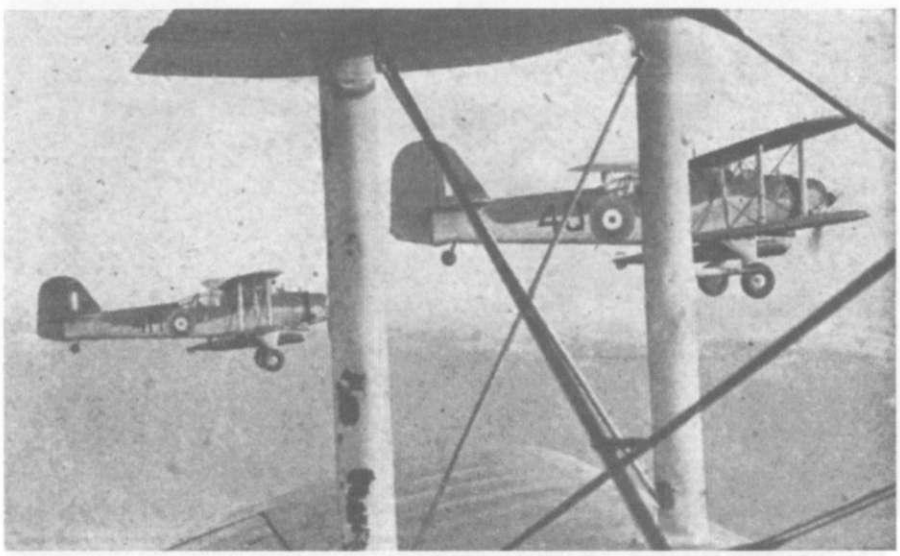
PILOTS, observers, air-gunners—and myself—were called at 3.30 a.m., and, after a sandwich and a cup of tea in the air station wardroom, put on fur-lined jackets, Mae Wests, (an elaborate form of water-wings), parachute harness and helmets. Then we listened to the squadron leader outlining the plan of attack.

Under a dark and angry sky, with a 40-m.p.h. wind, we climbed into our planes, and my earphones were connected up so that I was in touch with the pilot. The rear-gunner satisfied himself all was ready for the pilot to fire his guns if enemy planes were encountered, then sat on a tiny collapsible stool behind the one on which I was perched, the engine's throb rose to a roar—and we were off.

Almost at once thick swirling mist and cloud engulfed us. Despite this the planes leapt into the air smartly, one after another, and quickly assumed formation. Damp fields slid away to be replaced by leaden sea.

For an hour we sped on, our wing-tips nearly touching. "Don't worry," came my pilot's voice down the tube. "We often fly closer than this." Frequently clouds blotted out the sea, leaving us in a grey world empty save for the planes of our flight alongside us. Most of the time the rest of the squadron were hidden.

Through a gap I suddenly spotted two black dots moving on the slate-coloured sea, with thin grey streaks trailing out behind them. They looked like tiny kites with tails, floating in a storm-laden sky. These were the "enemy battleships"; smaller dots around them were "escorting destroyers."



FAIREY ALBACORES are the latest torpedo-spotter-reconnaissance biplanes of the Fleet Air Arm. How their pilots practise is described above. This aircraft has folding wings to save stowage space on aircraft-carriers and succeeds the Fairey Swordfish, *Photo, Central Press*

I WAS THERE!

Our leader shot ahead and the planes on either side broke away. Rapidly we manœuvred for the best striking position. Then, from clouds now dawn-tinged with pink, we swept down, one after another.

Had they been real enemy ships they would hardly have had time to train their guns on us before we swooped, launched our torpedoes (special practice ones) and were back again behind the clouds. As we dived the water appeared to rush up to meet the plane. One half of me was sure we should hit it. The other remembered the pilot had done this many times before, and knew all would be well.

When nearly on the water, the plane dropped its load, banked sharply, sickeningly, and as I clung grimly to my "handle-bar," it seemed the wings must catch in the water. We flattened out, waltzed drunkenly to avoid imaginary shells hurtling at us from hundreds of barrels on the "battleships," now twisting to avoid the torpedoes and leaving pale green wakes like wriggling snakes.

Now the sea was dropping away as we climbed steeply back into the clouds. Behind us other planes were diving and hurtling away to regain station. Soon we were wheeling in readiness for another attack, and down we plunged again . . .

Two hours later I was breakfasting with a number of young pilots who had still further increased their skill with a weapon that must be the terror of Axis warships.—*Reuter.*

My First Flights Over the Enemy's Country

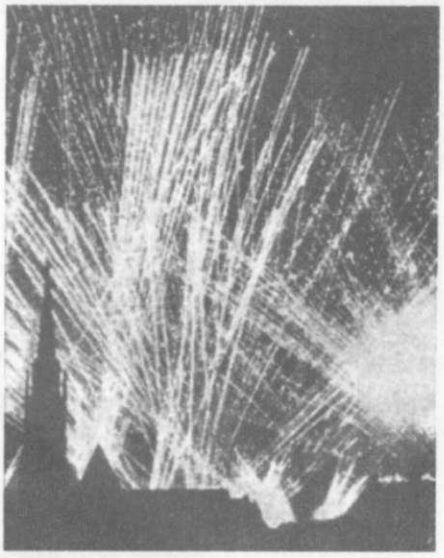
Pilot Officer Dan McIntosh, a young Canadian from Saskatchewan, who is serving in a heavy bomber squadron of the R.A.F., told of his experiences over Germany and Italy in a broadcast. His vivid first-hand story is printed below.

I DON'T suppose any member of a bomber crew—whether he's a pilot, air gunner, wireless operator or navigator—will ever forget his first operational flight. I made mine on November 5 last year, Guy Fawkes' Day, a very appropriate day as it turned out. I was flying as second pilot then to get experience. My captain was a young Flying Officer who has since been awarded the D.F.C. He was not long down from Oxford and just the coolest customer you ever saw.

On this particular night we were going to Hamburg. I got my baptism of fire all right then, because it turned out to be a really hot spot; in fact, I've never seen anything quite so hot since. I remember saying to the captain when I saw all the anti-aircraft fire coming up and the searchlights all over the plane, "Do you have to go through that stuff?" It looked to me as if there wasn't a square inch where you could get through safely. He said, "Oh, yes, we'll fix that all right." And then he just sailed in, jinking—or, in other words, dodging about to put the ground defences off. He got on to the target, levelled out, bombed, and came out again, as coolly as you please. When we'd got clear I said, "It doesn't seem so bad as it looks," and then I remember saying, "But it *is* pretty, isn't it?" He laughed his head off at that. On the way back we ran through some more searchlights and he handed the controls over to me so that he could show me how to dodge them. I had one more trip with another pilot, this time to the Krupps works at Essen, before I started with my own crew who had come with me from the Operational Training Unit. First we were sent to bomb the German submarine base at Lorient, then we had raids on Cologne, Bremen—I've been three times to Bremen—Mannheim and Ludwigshaven, Gelsenkirchen, Düsseldorf, Wilhelmshaven, Hamburg and a good many other less well-known places. We also had a go at some of the invasion ports on the Channel coast, and then we had the Italian trip.

This was to bomb the Royal Arsenal at Turin, and it meant a flight of about thirteen hundred miles and, of course, we had to cross the Alps twice. It was a perfect moonlight night—one of the best nights I've ever been out on—and as it turned out it was a more or less straightforward trip both going and coming back. The Alps were the grandest sight I've ever seen, with a bright moon shining on the snow. Some of the other people from the squadron went through a mountain pass, flying below the level of the peaks on either side of them, but I decided to go right over the top and we made the crossing at about 16,500 feet.

When we got to the other side of the Alps there was Turin right in front of us. As I came down over the foothills I could see the Italian guns loosing off at somebody who was just coming out of the pass, and while I was bombing there was another chap over the target at the same time. We saw his bombs just before our own went off. Then when we'd made our attack, we had to climb again to cross the Alps a second time. It seemed a very long way back and nothing much happened except that the guns at one German aerodrome in Occupied France opened fire.



The pilot officer who relates his experiences in this page has been three times to Bremen. This is the kind of thing his captain alluded to when he said, "It is pretty, isn't it?"—tracer bullets, bursting shells and searchlights seen from a Bremen rooftop. *Photo, Keystone*

We landed again after about nine hours flying. If you can imagine driving for nine solid hours in the black-out you'll get some slight idea of what a flight like that means.

ABBREVIATIONS USED BY THE FOUR SERVICES

The Royal Air Force

A.A.F. Auxiliary Air Force.
A.A.F.G.L. Auxiliary Air Force General List.
A.A.F.R.O. Auxiliary Air Force Reserve of Officers.
A.Cmdre. Air Commodore.
AC Aircraftman (followed by 1 or 2 to denote class).
A.C.A.S. Assistant Chief of Air Staff.
ACH Aircrafthand.
A.C.M. Air Chief Marshal.
A.Ct. Air Commandant (W.A.A.F.).
A.M. Air Marshal.
A.M.P. Air Member for Personnel.
A.M.S.O. Air Member for Supply and Organization.
A.M.T. Air Member for Training.
A.O.C. Air Officer Commanding.
A.O.C.-in-C. Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief.
A.P.O. Acting Pilot Officer.
A.S.I. Air Speed Indicator.
A.S.O. Assistant Section Officer (with A.A.F.).
A.T. Anti-tank.
A.V.M. Air Vice Marshal.

(B.) Balloon Branch Officer.
B.P.S.O. Base Personnel Staff Officer.

C.A.S. Chief of Air Staff.
Ch. Chaplain.
Cpl. Corporal.
C.T.T.B. Central Trade Test Board.

(D.) Dental Branch Officer.
D.A.F.L. Director of Allied Air Cooperation and Foreign Liaison.
D.B. Ops. Director of Bomber Operations.
D.C.A.S. Deputy Chief of Air Staff.
D.F. Ops. Director of Fighter Operations.
D.F.T. Director of Flying Training.
D.G.C.A. Director-General of Civil Aviation.
D.G.D. Director of Ground Defence.
D.G.E. Director-General of Equipment.
D.G.M.S. Director - General Medical Service, R.A.F.
D.G.O. Director-General of Organization.
D.G.W. Director-General of Works.
D.M.C. Director of Military Co-operation.
D.M.O. Director Meteorological Office.
D.M.S. Director of R.A.F. Medical Service.
D. of I. Director of Intelligence.
D. of M. Director of Manning.
D. of P. Director of Postings.
D. of Plans. Director of Plans.
D. of S. Director of Signals.
D.O.N.C. Director of Operations (Naval Co-operation).
D.O.O. Director of Operations (Overseas).
D.O.T. Director of Operational Training.
D.P.R. Director of Public Relations.
D.P.S. Director of Personal Services.
D.R.S. Director of Repair and Service.
D.T.T. Director of Technical Training.
D.W.A.A.F. Director of the Women's Auxiliary Service.

(E.) Equipment Branch Officer.
E.F.T.S. Elementary Flying Training School.
E.O. Education Officer.

F.A. Financial Adviser.
F/Lt. Flight Lieutenant.
Fl.O. Flight Officer (W.A.A.F.).
F/O. Flying Officer.
F/Sgt. Flight Sergeant.

(G.) Air Gunner-Officer.
G.C. Group Captain.
G.O.C. (-in-C.) General Officer Commanding (-in-Chief).

(I.) Intelligence Officer.
(I.A.F.) Indian Air Force Officer.
I. of R. Inspector of Recruiting.
I.T.W. Initial Training Wing.

J.A.G. Judge Advocate-General of the Forces.

(L.) Legal Branch Officer.
LAC Leading Aircraftman.
L. of C. Line of Communication.
L./T. Line Telegraphy.

(M.) Medical Branch Officer.
(Mc.) Marine Craft Officer.
M.D.S. Main Dressing Station.
(Met.) Meteorological.
M.L.O. Military Landing Officer.
M.R.A.F. Marshal of the Royal Air Force.
(N.) Navigation Instructor Officer.
N.T.O. Naval Transport Officer.

(O.) Observer Officer.
O.T.U. Operational Training Unit.

P. Det. Port Detachment.
(Ph.) Photographic Officer.
(P.M.) Provost Marshal Duties Officer.
P.M.N.S. Princess Mary's R.A.F. Nursing Service.
P/O. Pilot Officer.
(P.T.). Physical Training Officer.
P.U.S. Permanent Under-Secretary of State.

Q.F. Quick Firing.
Q.M.G. Quartermaster-General.
Qr.M. Quartermaster.

R.A.A.F. Royal Australian Air Force.
R.A.F.O. Reserve of Air Force Officers.
R.A.F.V.R. Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve.
R.C.A.F. Royal Canadian Air Force.
R.N.Z.A.F. Royal New Zealand Air Force.

S.A.S.O. Senior Air Staff Officer.
Sgt. Sergeant.
S.F.T.S. Service Flying Training Squadron.
S.I.O. Senior Intelligence Officer.
S/Ldr. Squadron Leader.
S.O. Section Officer (W.A.A.F.).
S. of S. Secretary of State.
Sq.O. Squadron Officer (W.A.A.F.).
S.P. Service Police.
(Sp.) Special Duties.

(T) (a) Armament Officer.
(T) (e) Engineer Officer.
(T) (s) Signals Officer.

V.C.A.S. Vice Chief of Air Staff.

W.A.A.F. Women's Auxiliary Air Force.
W.A.A.F. (Fl.O.). Women's Auxiliary Air Force, Flight Officer.
Wg. Cr. Wing Commander.
Wg. O. Wing Officer (W.A.A.F.)
W.O. Warrant Officer.
W.O.2. Warrant Officer Class 2.

The Editor's Postscript

IN offering the first number of our Fifth Volume I do not propose further to enlarge upon the difficulties we have had to overcome to arrive thus far in our progress. All too soon, mayhap, events may shape our ends differently from our own designing. In these days, indeed, "master of the event" is an outmoded concept. But we enter upon the second century of our issues with determination to keep our flag flying, and if another hundred and yet another hundred numbers of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED should be called for I hope that the immense public whom we serve will never be able to say we failed them. "Circumstances beyond our control," must, of course, be allowed for.

WHEN we set out on our adventurous journey in September 1939 there were many who doubted if we would get the necessary pictorial and literary material to carry on our current chronicle of the War. The War went slowly in those days. But I never imagined that we should fail for any lack of picture or story. Equally I did not at the outset envisage a time when the material wherewith to print and multiply our issues would so lessen that we should, week by week with diminished space, be overwhelmed with ever more embarrassment of matter worthy of presenting to our readers. I assure you that were paper available we should have no difficulty in publishing three numbers every week instead of looking apprehensively to a day when we might have to limit our issues to no more than that per month!

BUT I am convinced that my readers, whose goodwill has so manifested itself in all the mutations of the last few trying months, will continue to support us with their loyalty and tolerance in whatever the misfortunes of war may bring upon us, assured as they are that we of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED regard our job of maintaining this pictorial record of civilization's gravest hour as a work of national importance.

NOR do I think it may be wishful thinking on my part when I reaffirm my belief that we shall "win through" with our chronicle as the nations that are fighting for freedom win through against the powers of evil that have assailed them. I believe that Mr. Churchill was in no degree exaggerating the trials that await us when mass air attacks are resumed. Such precautions as are humanly possible have been taken by our publishers to enable us to carry on should we, by ill luck, have the present not-too-even tenor of our way made still more uneven.

COMING up to Town today by my customary route I was struck by the absolutely prodigious display of roses: England's queen of flowers. Everywhere at cottage doors and in the gardens of the more pretentious houses the roses were smothering their bushes with prodigal blossom. But what most impressed me was that in the southward suburbs, which had suffered most during the raids on outer London, here and there one saw a villa that had lost its roof and windows (not to say its unfortunate tenants) yet clambering over the porch and spilling down from the shattered trellis were gorgeous masses of roses, pink and white. Lots of "Dark Red Roses," too, which reminded me of Stacy Aumonier and the lovely film made out of his famous short story so named. Adapting a line from a once popular sentimental song, "These roses round the door made me hate Hitler more!"

MANY years ago—in the days of the Irish "difficulties"—Mr. Churchill, with his characteristic gift of using the right yet unfamiliar word to express his thought, said in the House of Commons, "We must now put these grave matters to the test." I remember being mildly amused to watch in the journalism of the period how writers forthwith proceeded to make use of "grave" in their phrases on all appropriate and inappropriate occasions: the grave this and the grave that were dragged in until even a dispute about some small financial scandal in a Football Club was described as "a matter of grave dishonesty." In the intervening quarter-century the use of "grave" has rather gone out, its more literal implication as a substantive having become much too common.

THE pet word of our day is "pattern." Not a bad word either, but now somewhat overdone. There is a pattern of life, of thought, of poetry, of prose, of philosophy; but I enter a mild protest against "The Pattern of Victory," which is the heading of a letter (I have not read it) in "The Times" today. There is no more possibility of a pattern of victory than of a pattern of defeat. I should not be surprised if somebody talks about the pattern of chaos one of these days. One of the evening papers a day or two ago headed its leader "The Eagle has Wings." Could anything be sillier? Imagine the eagle without wings! It was merely a thoughtless adaptation of "The Lion has Wings." One is almost ashamed to explain the latter as cleverly indicating that the British Lion had been transformed into a symbolic creature of the upper air, but it is an insult to one's intelligence to suggest that the American Eagle has ever been wingless.

IN these latter days the qualities of success are certainly poorer and less picturesque than in the days of my youth. I cannot help marvelling at the reasons for the popularity of certain individuals whose abilities strike me as extraordinarily ordinary. The film and the radio are largely to blame. Fame is frightfully cheap today. What more stupid than a process of things whereby a daring young man who has the luck to make a successful flight across the Atlantic achieves a world-wide popularity which induces him to pose as an authority on the high politics of Europe and America? The proper way to treat Lindbergh and his obstructive attitude to the Democracy under which he flourishes is to remember that nothing in his life justifies the least consideration for anything he has got to say other than how to oil up an aero engine and manipulate the controls.

THE RT. HON. BRENDAN BRACKEN, appointed Minister of Information in succession to Mr. Duff Cooper. Mr. Bracken is M.P. for North Paddington, and was formerly the Prime Minister's Private Parliamentary Secretary.

THERE begins and ends the achievement of this man whose opinion on world affairs is engaging serious attention on both sides of the Atlantic. But you see the mob know his name, and that means 99 per cent of his right to talk. Another instance of this—but on a minuscule scale—amused me some years back. A gentleman who, so far as I am aware, has achieved nothing much nearer to greatness than a certain popularity arising from his putting gramophone records on a machine and making some remarks about them while he is in the act of touching the switch, was chosen by a national daily as one of six eminent personages to write an article on "The Lord's Prayer." Straining to the utmost such powers of thinking as I possess, I failed to discover any link between gramophone records and the Lord's Prayer.

MY congratulations to Mr. George C. Curnock, a colleague of old years, on his very admirable piece of work just issued by George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., "Hospitals Under Fire." It was a fine idea to make a complete survey of the inhuman destruction wreaked upon London's hospitals during the heaviest of the air raids. More damning testimony to the deliberate savagery of the Germans in attacking women and children could not have been marshalled and all who are interested in hospital work would do well to acquaint themselves with Mr. Curnock's remarkable compilation.

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